May 25 Cents

PARIS NIGHTS

THE MERRY WHIRL OF THE WO[illegible]TORY AND PICTURE

The Thrill Chaser

By
John Carter

SEEMS PHONEY

but it's true!

THISN FROM HUGO KATZ-BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SORT'A HARD TO FIGURE HER FROM THIS "ANGLE" AND MOST EXPONENTS OF STAGE TODAY. YEP, SHE DOES THIS EVERY DAY IN A BROADWAY SHOW.... YOU'LL SEE ONE OUT, BUT LOOK AT CONTROL "CONTROL" DANCING ON THE FORE-BOYS YOURSELVES.

If I titled this sketch "Pleasure Bent," wouldn't it be "Phoney!"

QUERIES LILLIAN GOODFELLOW, GREENWOOD MOUNTAIN, MAINE.

FOR PARIS NIGHTS By WARD

"YES AND NO, LILLIAN, BUT MOSTLY YES"

SNAPPY ORIGINAL CARTOON WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH "PHONEY" THAT WE CAN USE ON THIS PAGE.... SEND YOURS IN NOW!

THE KIND THAT MOTHER MADE. FROM FERN MITCHELL MONETT, MO.

and in case you hadn't noticed; SPRING is here.

NIT-"SHE INHERITED A RARE LEGACY."
WIT-"YEAH, BUT A RUN RUINED IT."
A PEEVE FROM BILL BLENKINSOP, SCRANTON, PA.

VOLUME NINE NUMBER TEN

PARIS NIGHTS

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PARIS NIGHTS READERS

NOTICE!

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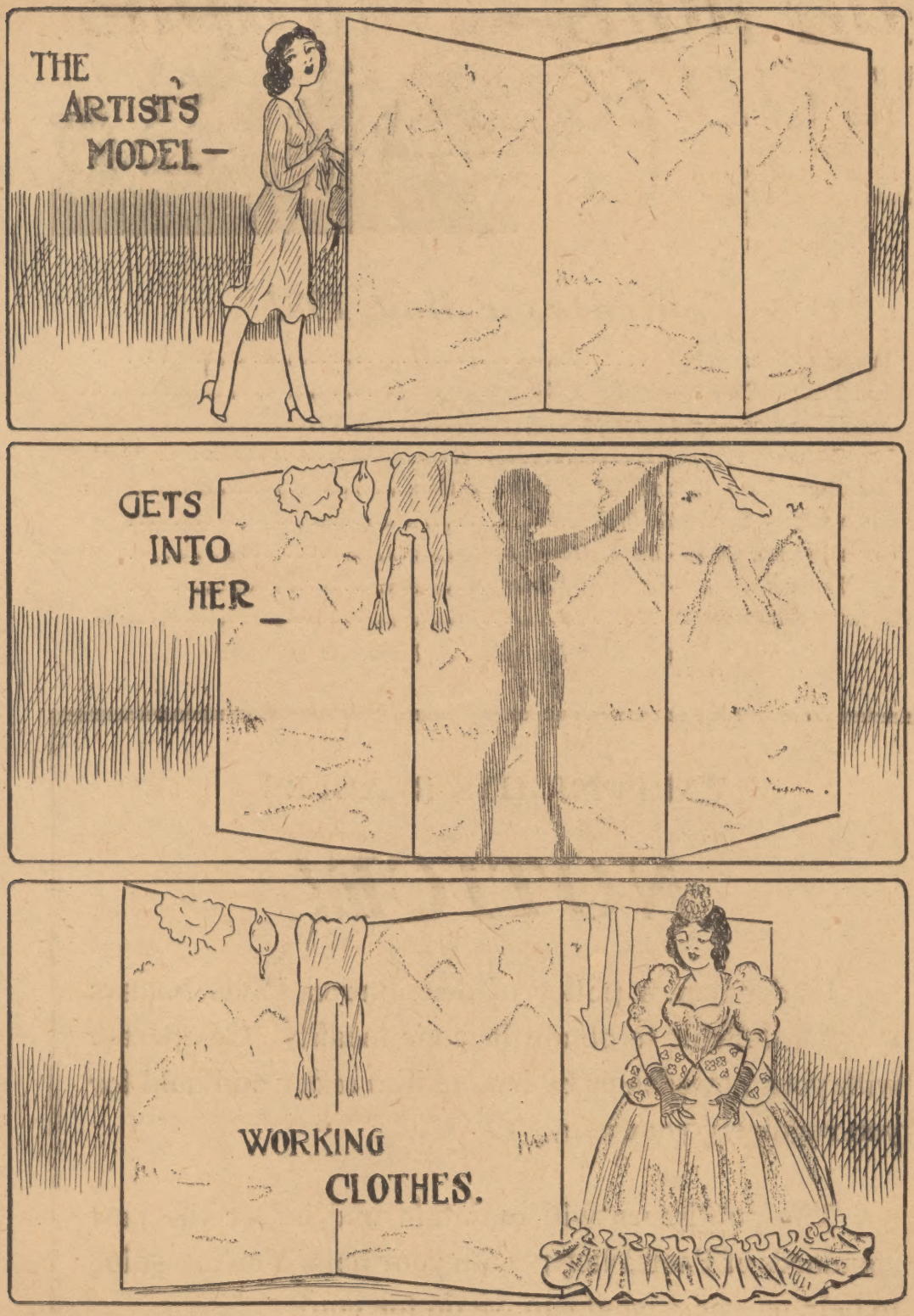
The publishers will maintain and better the past standards of PARIS NIGHTS with your help. You are going to help us—now what can we do for you?


THE ARTIST'S MODEL—
GETS INTO HER—
WORKING CLOTHES.

Parisian Paragraphs

MRS. KIT: *"My daughter has gone in for aviation."*

MRS. KAT: *"Well, she certainly knows how to take off."*

It's a long lane that has no lovers.

* * *

Very few Scotchmen reach a givin' point.

* * *

The brawl of yesterday is the ball of today.

* * *

Most of us get a kick out of life—from behind.

* * *

A girl is as good as she thinks you think she is.

* * *

It is better to be broke than never to have loved at all.

* * *

The depression has proved that all the world loves a loafer.

* * *

The Eskimo flapper dresses in furs and hides—as little as possible.

* * *

The bride who has been given away shouldn't get the idea that she is free.

* * *

Country lanes are seldom what they seem. They seem lonely and deserted.

* * *

If wishes were horses a lot of girls would still come home sore from auto rides.

* * *

Knickers on a fat girl are like an intoxicated man in church—full in the wrong place.

* * *

Many a pretty bathing girl has gotten into deep water by merely lying about the beach.

* * *

This is the era of speed. You can get married in two minutes and drink yourself to death in one.

* * *

Why not end the controversy over our national anthem and call it "The Bar-Strangled Banner"?

* * *

It's just a difference in noise. Before marriage they bill and coo at each other. After marriage they bark and meow.

The Thrill Chaser

A brave soldier never looks back, but some go back and some see much. This fellow was not a soldier, but heard much, and how!

By John Carter

TED CHALFONTE'S first glimpse of Paris was a revelation in more ways than one. He really expected it to be so different from what it really was. Perhaps if one had asked him specifically what made Paris so different, he couldn't have expressed it in so many words that Paris was so like many other cities, that it lacked the glamour and unusualness that he always attached to that magic name. But Ted's common sense told him he would have to scratch beneath the surface to get the real thrill out of Paris.

Ted was one of those happy-go-lucky young Americans upon whom Dame Fortune had smiled, a bit prematurely perhaps. Weary of work he had decided to visit the four corners of Mother Earth to see who his neighbors were. He was about medium height, well built and good-looking. His blond hair, constantly curled, made him a target for feminine looks.

Paris was his third stop and he immediately went to the Hotel Chealton on the Champs Elysees. The view from his window commanded a goodly portion of the city, but Ted had seen enough of exterior views to be unimpressed. Instead he spent the afternoon walking along the principal thoroughfares of the city, enjoying the novel and queer sights. What astonished him more than anything else was the fact that the French were in most ways like Americans—and to tell the truth he had such vague notions of their eccentricities. Another illusion riddled! But he did know with some degree of certainty about the daring of these French people. And he meant to have a peek behind the scenes that night!

He spent the best part of an hour that evening dressing for whatever the gods willed. And when he had finished his careful toilet he proudly surveyed himself in the mirror, brushed a speck of dust from his coat and murmured with pardonable conceit, "Some sheik!"

The night was perfect. Far above the city the stars gleamed and twinkled mysteriously. The very blackness of the sky thrilled Ted. He joined the crowd that surged along the famous street. They were, for the most part, pleasure-bent like the young rich American. Ted had little difficulty in distinguishing the Americans from the French, the difference in dress and man-

ner being so obvious that it was quite noticeable.

After an hour of walking about the streets, Ted became disheartened. He had seen nothing extraordinary about the crowd. Had there been more lights, it would have been a section of Broadway. None of the theatres interested him, he had found no night club that drew his attention.

That is, not until he saw the front of Le Rendezvous. The name intrigued him, the front of the place interested him. He entered. A courteous attendant took his cane and hat and asked him in French what he wanted, to play or to dine. Ted spoke French fluently and replied that he wanted to play. The attendant led him to a room devoted to those games made famous by Monte Carlo.

Ted's eyes swept around the room, taking in the well-dressed crowd that circled the

gaming tables. Their bated whispers, the little click, click of the ivory balls, the calls of the croupiers, drifted to him as he paused in the doorway. This was Ted's first glimpse of such a place, but his nonchalance as he strolled to one of the tables was worthy of an actor.

He took a seat, glanced at his neighbors and then placed some money on his favorite number. For the next five minutes he concentrated on the game, winning and losing irregularly. Then something clicked into his brain and he looked across the table and found himself looking into a pair of deep, blue eyes, set in a face so enchantingly beautiful that he sucked his breath in with a queer whistling sound.

The girl had been intently watching him and when she saw Ted return her stare, flushed and lowered her eyes. Ted's pulse quickened. And when he looked at her again he found her coolly appraising him. Ted became uncomfortable for a moment then he returned her look. Her features were small and exquisite, her hair a deep black. She rose from her seat and Ted could have sworn that she gave him that familiar "come hither" look. It was so faint that he felt he must be mistaken. But he rose, too.

He followed at a respectful distance. The girl entered the dining room where an orchestra was softly playing a waltz. She paused in the doorway and Ted came up to her.

"May I have this dance?" he asked her in French.

"Oui, Monsieur," she replied quickly, a little too quickly, thought Ted.

She drifted into his arms. The girl used a strange perfume that intoxicated the youth with its suggestiveness. Her nearness thrilled him. She seemed to be so fragile and delicate that he refrained from unduly crushing her. He was in heaven for the next few moments.

"Monsieur is an American?" asked the girl. She spoke in English with a strong French accent.

Ted answered in the affirmative, making the usual wise-crack of an American. Before he could say anything else, the dance came to an end. His partner looked around for a vacant table.

"I can see only one table vacant," said the girl. "Won't you share it with me?"

Ted acquiesced willingly. He now had an opportunity to study the girl closer. He found out many things about her. She had such a delightful way of pursing her kissable lips so temptingly. And her eyes—what little devils of mischief they concealed! Once or twice he thought he saw a cold, malicious gleam flash through those expressive eyes, but he gave it no thought—then.

Under the softening effects of the music and gayety they became friendly. It was the girl who urged Ted to talk. Ted learned that her name was Fifi D'Orvane, that she was visiting Paris with her parents and that her home town was Nice.

Each succeeding moment served to whet Ted's appetite to know more of this girl, this provoking, mysterious girl. Although she had told him much about herself, Ted felt there was much untold, much of deeper moment. He tried to fathom what lay behind those dark, brooding eyes, but it was useless.

They danced again and once more Ted thrilled when he held her in his arms. The girl's head barely reached his chin and she had to look up to him. Ted reluctantly released her at the conclusion of the dance.

Fifi ate all her food while Ted barely touched his. The thought of eating was farthest removed from his entranced mind.

"How long do you intend staying in Paris?" he suddenly asked.

Fifi shrugged her shoulders. "I do not know," she replied. "It all depends on how I like the city."

"Well I hope you like it then," breathed Ted.

The girl's eyebrow arched ever so slightly. A smile curved around her lips and disappeared. Fortunately Ted placed no significance in these little movements.

Finally Fifi expressed a desire to go home. She asked Ted to get her wraps for her which the man did. He also got his things too.

"Will you honor me by allowing me to take you home in my car?" he asked her as they neared the door.

Fifi hesitated for the conventional length of time then accepted Ted's invitation. She entered his low roadster, gave him her address in the Rue St. Honore and then settled back comfortably. It was little short of miraculous how Ted ever reached her home, so intoxicated was he with the girl's charms.

Fifi descended in front of a large apartment house, gave Ted her hand which he held.

"Won't you come up for a little drink?" she asked him.

Instead of replying Ted jumped out of the car and bade her lead the way. He needed no second invitation. As a matter of fact he was wondering how he was going to invite himself up to her room.

While they were in the automatic elevator, Fifi told Ted that she occupied the suite of rooms alone and that her parents were staying on the first floor. She smiled mischievously as she observed Ted's reaction to this piece of information.

Fifi's rooms consisted of a bedroom and a living room, both well furnished and large. The girl ushered Ted in, took his cane and hat, mixed a drink for him and watched him through narrowed eyes as he slowly drank it.

"Pardon me, Mr. Chalfonte," murmured Fifi, "while I slip on something more comfortable." She smiled as she said this, smiled in such a fashion that set Ted's blood tingling and coursing hotly through his body. Ah! what a girl, he sighed.

Whether by accident or design Fifi left the door of her bedroom slightly ajar and Ted sitting opposite a mirror had a full view of the room. He was fully able to watch Fifi as she took off her gown. Next came her teddie. The young American was lost

in admiration as he took in the lovely figure of Fifi. He let his eyes slowly travel form the pretty face to the smooth curving throat, the enchanting curves of her hips, the thighs and then all too soon it was blotted out as the girl drew on a kimona. She put bedroom slippers on her feet and came out. Ted had his eyes closed as though trying to hold in his memory the picture of the nude girl in all its enchanting details. He sighed and opened his eyes to see Fifi standing near him.

"What are you thinking of, *mon ami?*" questioned the girl.

"You," truthfully answered Ted, taking her hand into his and gently drawing her down beside him. His arm encircling her

he could feel underneath her thin kimona her warm, soft flesh.

Fifi nestled closer to him and looked up at him with her soulful eyes commanding him to kiss her. Ted's ardent passionate kisses on her lips, face and throat did not satisfy his craving. He was eager.

"Ah, you Americans," breathed the girl ecstatically, "are so what you say masterful. You are ze great lovers."

"You bet your sweet life, baby," muttered Ted Chalfonte.

Again he kissed her. He drew her on his lap and hugged her little form tightly.

"Mmm," cried the girl, "what a strong man you are."

Ted laughed shortly but said nothing. This was the real life, the real Paris that he knew existed. Now for a taste of it. He carried Fifi unprotestingly to the next room and carefully shut the door.

Exactly one hour later Ted came out. He stopped for a moment in front of the mirror until he was fully satisfied that his hair and tie were all right, then he turned to the watching girl. He took her in his arms and planted a savage kiss on her lips. Fifi's arms went around his neck and she looked up at him with a smile.

"Don't forget, Teddie, you promised to come tomorrow night. Be here at nine o'clock *promptly*." She lingered over the last word in such a way that Ted noted it. He was to remember why later on.

"There's only one thing that can keep me away, cherie," said the young American.

"Mais non!" exclaimed Fifi in alarm "What is it?"

"Death," laughed the other.

"Oh," sighed the girl in relief.

Fifi got Ted's cane and hat and accompanied him as far as the door.

"Goodbye until tomorrow night," said Ted squeezing her hand.

Fifi's answer was a sly wink. She softly closed the door. For a moment Ted stood in the hallway, his head in a whirl, his heart pounding overtime against his ribs. He leaned against the wall to recover his poise.

"Whew," he gave vent to his feelings, "what a girl!"

Meanwhile Fifi had decided on a plan of action. A wicked light shone in her eyes, a sarcastic smile was on her lips as she slowly walked back and forth across the room. Finally her lips compressed into a thin, vicious line and she walked with firm steps to her bedroom where the telephone was. She took up the instrument and in a short time was talking to a man on the other end of the wire.

"Charles," she said, "this is Fifi. Listen carefully to what I have to say. I've landed another sucker. Yes, he's an American and he must be a millionaire. He seems to have plently of money and he has a car, so pay attention. He was here tonight and he's coming again tomorrow night at nine. You be here at ten and I'll see that everything is ready for your entrance. Don't forget, you're my fiance. You know what to do, Charles? Yes, that's right, play the outraged fiance. Watch my face for your cues, Charles. Goodbye."

She replaced the receiver. She took off her kimona and stood in front of a long mirror, admiring the figure that had enthralled the bored American. She caressed it with loving fingers and smiled contemptously, at, perhaps, the simplicity of those Americans!

The next evening just as the little clock on the table in Fifi's room was chiming eight o'clock, a knock sounded on the door. Fifi came hurrying out of her bedroom in her dressing robe. She glanced at the clock and noted with relief the time. She drew the robe around her scantily attired form and opened the door.

Ted Chalfonte, dressed to kill, entered.

"But it is only eight o'clock," said Fifi, aghast at the thought that her plans might miscarry by this incident.

Ted smiled. In reply he showed her his watch which proclaimed the time to be nine o'clock. "Your clock is one hour slow," he said easily.

Fifi accepted his explanation and sighed. She hastened to set her clock right. Ted watched her closely with a curious light of disbelief in his eyes. When Fifi turned to him he was smiling.

"I thought it was only eight o'clock," explained the brunette, "and figured I had enough time to dress. Now you pop in and I'm not even started."

Ted caught her outstretched hands, drew her slowly to him and stroked her hair.

"Never mind about dressing," he said. "You're just as lovely as you are. Besides . . ." He left the sentence unfinished and Fifi glanced up at him with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Do you want something to drink, Teddie?" suddenly asked the girl.

"Let me mix the drinks," answered Ted, gently pushing Fifi down upon the divan.

Ted was an adept at mixing drinks and in a short while had two highballs prepared. Fifi took one and slowly drank half of it. Ted drank his quickly and put his glass on a stand. He sat near the girl.

"Are you sure your parents won't object to my being up here?" he asked her.

"Certainly not," returned Fifi without batting an eyelash. She lit a cigarette, watched the smoke lazily curl to the ceiling and then stared quizzically at the admiring man.

"Why should *they* object," she added. "If there are any objections to be made, my fiance should be the one to make them."

"You're engaged to be married then," Ted elevated his brows at this illuminating bit of information.

"Yes," returned the black haired girl, "to a sap my parents picked for me. I don't care much for him though."

"And where is he now?" asked Ted.

Fifi named a hotel about a block away from her apartment.

In the space of the next fifteen minutes Fifi found that Ted had undergone a vast change since the previous night. Now he seemed to be so cold and aloof. His kisses and caresses lacked the warmth he had shown then. Instead of taking her into his arms he was contented to sit and talk about one subject or another. She tried every trick she possessed to light the fires that had burned so fiercely before. As a vamp she would have shamed Cleopatra and Du-Barry. But strange to say Ted acted like a bashful schoolboy. True he did not sit near her twiddling his fingers. He kissed her, but they were mere pecks; he caressed her, but they were cold caresses; he fondled her, but there were no significance to them.

Finally the girl rose angrily. She glanced at the clock. Quarter to ten. Charles would be there any minute and she had advanced nowhere with Ted Chalfonte. She would have to work fast. But how?

Ted could not see her face until her anger had died down and she was smiling again. Fifi's dressing robe was made of heavy material and effectually concealed the girl's physique. Frequently it became loosened and she had to tighten it. Each time it did, however, it served to anger the girl.

"Why not take it off," said Ted when the robe had loosened again.

Something in his voice infuriated the pretty girl. Ted's voice was challenging, daring her to do it. For a fraction of a second she hesitated then she let it slip to the floor. She stretched herself lazily as she stood before the man, compelling him by her sheer beauty to look at her, to admire the flowing, graceful lines of her form.

"God," breathed Ted rising and sweeping her into his arms, "you're beautiful, you little she-devil!"

"Ah, my handsome Americano," whispered Fifi, nestling to him with a short dry laugh, "now you are what they say in America, the hot stuff."

The clock on the table chimed ten times. Fifi did not betray by any sign that ten o'clock meant anything to her. Her heart thumped a little faster and she clung tighter to Ted, but that was all. Charles would soon come. Everything would be soon over. A little while longer. But, ah! she didn't mind it a bit. Teddie was so nice to love.

Ted held her at arm's length while he took her all in. No wonder he had fallen for her. In fact he would still fall for her. Suddenly he let her go, went to the table and mixed a drink for himself. He drank this quickly and turned to her. Fifi was watching him anxiously. Had anything happened? Were her plans to be ruined? What had she done to anger him?

Ted lit a cigarette and blew some smoke in Fifi's direction. This little act was nothing in itself but Ted followed it by flicking the ash of his cigarette in her direction in such an obvious gesture of contempt.

"Teddie," cried Fifi, a strange fear clutching at her heart, "what is the matter?"

Teddie laughed mirthlessly. Then something entirely incongruous about the situation caused him to laugh heartily for a minute. When he had finished he observed the girl's face was a flaming crimson. She stood in front of him at a loss to explain his strange behavior. But Ted did not keep her in suspense longer.

"I imagine Charles will get a disagreeable surprise when he comes here in a little while and finds out I'm not here."

"Charles?" repeated Fifi in well staged astonishment. "Who is he?"

"Your boy friend, *ma cherie,*" laughed Ted Chalfonte, enjoying every bit of the shock he knew she was experiencing. "When I told you it was nine o'clock, it wear really eight, as your clock said. But you see, Fifi, last night I decided to come back to your room for some trivial reason, I think I wanted to kiss you again. Instead of knocking on the door, I merely entered and was fortunate enough to hear all of that interesting conversation you had with your friend Charles, plotting my well-timed downfall. I withdrew silently and decided to have a little fun at your expense. By a simple lie I led you to believe it was an hour later than what the time really is."

Fifi had sunk dazed on the divan. A scarlet flush mounted to her face and she moaned.

"Here's the equivalent of one hundred dollars in American money," said Ted, throwing some francs on her lap. "That will compensate you, I hope, for your trouble in entertaining me. Goodbye."

In another moment he had left the room. Then the fury of Fifi's anger became unleashed and she raged! But let us draw the curtain.

San Antonio, Texas, February 4, 1931.

Editor PARIS NIGHTS:

I have been a reader of your magazine for a long time and have noted that from time to time you invite comment. Well, it is still good, but why, Mr. Editor, did you discontinue the *Mail Bag?* I did enjoy the narratives related there and miss them very much.

I am waiting for the next issue of this magazine, and also anticipate the stories for next month.

Respectfully,

E. C. BROWN.

Dear Sir: Your magazine, PARIS NIGHTS, is certainly making a hit with Uncle Sam's boys. They go over big out here. The cry here is, "Long Live PARIS NIGHTS."

Luck to you and your magazine, says us to you.

A Constant Reader,

E. C. McNINCH.
Oak Park, Ill.

Expert Advice

What a lot of fun can arise out of a cake of soap, especially if it is borrowed for one's bath in gay Paris, as this one was.

By L. Joseph

PARIS seemed rather dismal that morning to Rodney when he awoke, so dismal, in fact, that he contemplated turning over and going to sleep again. A soggy rain slanted against the bedroom windows, and outside a dun blanket of fog covered what was visible of the street on which was his pension. Rodney yawned disgustedly. So this was the Paris of his dreams! So far, such ordinary tourist sights as the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower and the Versailles Gardens had provided all the heavy excitement that he had encountered; and the immediate future did not seem any more promising.

Rodney struggled morosely into bathrobe and slippers, and another cavernous yawn widened his good-looking mouth as he entered the bathroom. A chap had no business coming to Paris if he was rather timid, bashful and a victim of too careful bringing up. Back in cultured Boston, his mother's eyes had widened in horror when he first suggested this little solo trip to Paris; it was with the utmost difficulty that he had persuaded her to let him take his annual vacation there alone. Always she had accompanied him on his vacations, and always she had tried to chain him to her mid-Victorian conceptions . . .

At first, Paris gave him a decided kick. But because Rodney was no man of the world, the hidden nuances of Paris escaped him, and his thrilled ideas of what Paris would be like, went boom with a thud. He was fed up with the usual tourist sights. He did not know what to do with himself. Last night he had gone to bed at the dismal hour of ten, simply because he did not know what else to do, and now—

He shed the bathrobe with a scowl. The brisk, snappy shower failed to pep him up as usual. Everything was a dark-sepia tinge, and unless something romantic and exciting happened to him soon, he would take the next boat home, he growled to himself.

As if fate had suddenly decided to give him a break, his doorbell buzzed like an angry mosquito all at once. Startled, wondering who it could be, Rodney responded. So far, only the concierge had been friendly in that quiet, unobtrusive and discreet apartment; no one else had spoken a word to him, though he had noticed more than one hectic, lovely and dazzling *bebe* entering the house whom he would have liked, with all his soul, to know intimately—very intimately. But

when your cursed shyness and timidity always manacle your desires—

He stared, with popping gray eyes, at the vision who faced him when he opened the door. She was attired in the most ravishing and transparent negligee in all Paris. Through its glass-like tissue, milky lines and curves were more than visible—and what lines and curves! A torso he had visioned only in his dreams. The most graceful thighs curving into legs like pink delights, in a manner to make his heart turn over like an engine. Lips like bits of crushed strawberries, that pleaded for kisses and passionate nights of love. Eyes of such a brilliant, blinding blue that he blinked. And she was smiling at him in a way that reminded Rodney of the heroine of a Mae West sex novel, which he had read secretly at home when his mother wasn't there to be horrified by it—

"Pardonnez-Moi, Monsieur," cooed the vision. "Could you spare me some soap, please? I am about to take ze bath, and I have just discover' I have none."

Rodney's eyes traveled to her hair, which was the most vivid platinum blond and curled enchantingly about the smallest, most adorable ears. He trembled like a goof as he nodded.

"Yes," he stammered. "If you'll wait a moment, I'll get you some—er—Miss—mademoiselle—?"

"Charlotte Dubonnet, Monsieur—ze name is Charlotte Dubonnet. Yours, I perceive, is Monsieur Rodney Brown—ze name plate on ze door reveals it to me. I have just moved into ze room on zis floor next to yours— I am ze night club *danseuse*—maybe you have seen me dance at ze Club Pigale, yes?"

"No," denied Rodney, pulling his scattered senses together to make the humiliating confession. "I have never been in a night club in my life, mademoiselle—"

"Non? But how amusing," she smiled. "You must come and see me dance *toute suite* then, Monsieur. I am not so very long ze night club *danseuse,* since my husban'—he has not like' it—but already I make ze grand name for myself, *oui!"*

"You—er—have a husband?" asked Rodney blankly, and his heart shot down into his boots with a sick plop. Just his rotten luck! The first sensationally beautiful *bebe* to give him a tumble in Paris, and she had to have a husband, darn it!

"Mais, oui," she laughed. "But Raoul and I—we do not live together much, Monsieur." She slid into the room easily and closed the door behind her. And as she flowed close to him and the exotic perfume of her enchanting body reached him, Rodney went numb from port to larboard. Her hand rested on his in a manner to make him dizzy as she went on, confidentially:

"You see, it is like zis, *mon ami*: Raoul —he is ze courier for ze government—he travel all over France, on government business. Therefore, I have been *tres* lonesome, and am ze night club *danseuse* to pass ze time while he is away, more

than anything else. You comprehend now?"

Rodney nodded, dazedly, and got her the soap with undignified haste. As little as he knew about women—or husbands—he felt no desire whatever to encounter "Raoul" when Charlotte was like this in his small and confined place. Supposing "Raoul" appeared unexpectedly? Gosh!

As Charlotte thanked him profusely for the soap and vanished, Rodney sank limply into the easy chair, and perspiration beaded his brow, while his heart returned to normal with difficulty. The fact that "Raoul" was out of town, and would be for some time to come, according to the delectable Charlotte, made him breathe easier. But he was still in a cold sweat; and he wished fervently that he was a drinking man, so that he could face this exciting situation with the nerve and sophistication he so much admired in the *baulevardiers* who passed him so insouciantly by on Paris streets.

He restored himself somewhat with breakfast in his favorite cafe while he mulled over what had happened. There had been such unmistakable invitation in Charlotte's every move and glance, during the hectic five minutes she had been in his diggings, that, amateur though he was with women, he needed no more significant hint for an immediate play for her. As he downed his third cup of coffee, finished *petit dejeuner* and walked out into the mist of the Boulevard Raspaille, he damned whole-heartedly the inexperience that made him shiver now so terrifiedly at the thought of another encounter with her.

Damn it all, why had he come to Paris if not to unleash his inhibitions and desires? Opportunity beckoned in the grand manner, yet any college kid could take better advantage of it than he. As he rounded a corner, Rodney felt more than desperate. To leave Paris forever without embracing this golden chance was unthinkable. Charlotte was absolutely blinding, and—

There was a sudden bump as he walked head-on into a portly, rotund individual with a large cigar who was coming from the opposite direction. The big, stout Frenchman grunted, then chuckled, as Rodney blurted apologies.

"Do not distress yourself, Monsieur," he said. "It is no fault of yours if you collide with a most huge fellow like me in this fog."

He exuded geniality and good humor. His little eyes were benevolent, and as Rodney was on the point of walking by him, sudden inspiration came. Here was a nice, genial chap who looked as if he could give him sound advice about Parisian cuties and not take it amiss if he invited him into a cafe for a few drinks and a few pertinent questions. He was most obviously a married man; and any benedict, Rodney felt, could certainly tell him a few things he needed to know in his inexperience. While he did not drink himself, he could have another cup of coffee while he absorbed a few helpful tips—

"I'm in a bit of a dilemma," Rodney said with his most engaging smile. "Would you consider a few drinks on me while I ask you something, Monsieur?"

The portly one looked at him quizzically, then nodded.

"But certainly, my young friend," he said. "With pleasure, most assuredly. I am always kindly disposed to you naive *Americaine* tourists, and it transpires that I have an hour or so to kill anyway, and was just about to have an *aperitif* or two before *petit dejeuner*. Here is a most excellent cafe—let us enter it and see what is on your mind, my boy."

Rodney emerged from the cafe an hour later in a most unusual bright pink state, due to the sound advice of Monsieur Chambrun, as he had introduced himself. Not only had the genial M. Chambrun told Rodney exactly how to proceed with Charlotte, but he had also induced him to forget his silly aversion to liquor, stating with convincing authority that you could never release ridiculous inhibitions until you liquefied yourself properly and made a habit of doing so at regular intervals—like a discreet gentleman, of course. As a result, Rodney's shoulders were squared, his eyes were brilliant and determined, and he walked with a confident swagger. It is not too much to say, indeed, that if Rodney had met Charlotte's husband just then, he would have laughed right in his face!

He pushed Charlotte's buzzer, tingling. The door opened, and she regarded him incredulously. She had, it appeared, been interrupted in the process of dressing after her bath; also she hadn't troubled to don a negligee over her brassiere and briefs. The cargo of assorted *liqueurs* Rodney was carrying raced in his veins as he gave those incandescent undies the pop-eyed O-O. They weighed less than an ounce, they were violet and lacy, and they had been designed for exquisite display by the most diabolical designer in Paris. If she had made Rodney feel odd emotions before, she was now enough to crash him over when he was in this unfamiliar and delightful state of intoxication; he pushed into her sitting room with blurred chuckles.

"You are drunk, Monsieur Rodney!" she exclaimed. *"Nom d'Dieu!* You must leave at once—! The concierge may come—. Perhaps Raoul may return—!"

"And what of it, baby?" chirped Rodney. "The way I feel, I wouldn't care if a regiment of gendarmes tried to interrupt us! Come to daddy's arms and show me your technic, Charlotte, you devastating angel!"

"Zut!" she cried. "What has happened to you all at once? Are you mad, Monsieur Rodney? I do not permit ze strange gentlemen to make love to me like this! *Tiens! Nevaire—."*

His answer was to slam the door shut with another flock of blurred chuckles. As he snapped the patent lock, his flushed face and brilliant eyes made her retreat in seeming panic, but Rodney followed her closely, with grinning determination.

What had Monsieur Chambrun—excellent fellow!—advised him?

"They like *toujours* men of force, Monsieur. Men who take them with ruthlessness and determination, *comprenez-vous, mon jeune ami?* Never yield one inch, but always press forward with vigor, until they surrender, inevitably! This Charlotte of whom you tell me—has she not practically thrown herself into your arms and made the first advances? Well, then, *regardez donc,* what more encouragement does one need, *hein?*"

Quiteso. Quiteso. Rodney might be timid and shy, but with a hot tip like that, oh, boy! He felt as if he could lick Dempsey and a flock of Carneros combined, and he was sure that he possessed more irresistible IT than all the *boulevardiers* in Paris. He reached happily for the fleeing Charlotte, who had rushed into the bedroom—but the door banged in his face with a slam and the lock snapped with a sickening click, leaving him feeling suddenly as flat as a pancake.

"You must leave at once, Monsieur Rodney!" she implored from behind the door. "I shall scream for ze gendarmes if you don't!"

"No, I won't!" he shouted. "I'm here to stay, Charlotte, and I don't mean 'if'!"

"I despise you!" she shot back. "You are only *canaille,* and I thought you were a gentleman! I am a good girl; nevaire shall I permit you to make ze crazy love to me while my husband is away!"

Through Rodney's foggy mind her tone suddenly stabbed and ripped part of his intoxication away. He felt dizzy and weak all at once, and his heart pounded deliriously as he collapsed onto a chair. The liquor fumes cleared by swift degrees and he saw, with swift horror, what a crazy chump he must seem to her. Perhaps he hadn't judged her correctly after all. Perhaps he had taken too much for granted just because she came into his room in a revealing negligee to ask for a bit of soap—.

He staggered to his feet. His handsome face was red with shame and embarrassment that flooded him nauseatingly as the liquor effects ebbed away.

"You are right, Charlotte," he mumbled thickly, contritely. "I've made a damned fool of myself, and I can't say how sorry I am. I'm going at once, so you can come out without fear."

She opened the door instantly. He was already on his way out of the apartment when she touched him impulsively on the shoulder.

"I am also sorry for what I have said, Monsieur Rodney," she panted. "I do not wish you to leave so distressed and ashamed—*non, non!* You are ze very nice boy, and I like you very much!"

He looked at her and shook his head, amazed though he was by her sudden right-about-face. "No, Charlotte," he mumbled. "It's better that I should beat it pronto. I'm still crazy-drunk enough to be tempted by you, and I don't want that to happen again. I met some fat guy who got me all lit up and handed me some crazy advice, and that's why I made such an ass of myself."

"A fat guy?" she echoed, wonderingly. "You mean a most huge and gross person, Monsieur Rodney?"

He nodded, miserably, and as he rushed on to describe Monsieur Chambrun, she nodded understandingly and began to giggle. Rodney felt lower than a lizard's belly as he went on and on, telling her how really innocuous and shy and inhibited he was, and she listened with more incredulous giggles as she watched his burning face. All at once, her arms were around him, her lips were stranglingly on his! For ten terrific moments while the room swam around him and the earth rocked and the heavens crashed down on his head, she clung to him . . . . What a kiss that was! She seemed to be blended to him as one, her lips were blobs of flame on his . . . . Passions such as he had never before experienced ripped through his every fibre—.

He broke away from her with a choked cry and fled for dear life!

As he flung himself into the easy chair in his sitting room, too torn by his emotions to think, Charlotte poked her laughing face into the room for an instant.

"You are a very nice boy—Rodney," she called, softly. "If you wish it—you may take me home from ze night club tonight—and maybe I will let you kiss me again—and other things, too, *enfin,* who knows?"

"What?" he gasped.

But she had already fled . . . .

He met M. Chambrun that night in the same cafe as in the morning. He was too bewildered to think collectedly. M. Chambrun, his eyes twinkling, had suggested that Rodney should meet him there that night, for it appeared he was anxious, as a new and good friend, to learn how Rodney had made out with Charlotte by following his advice. The utterly baffling fashion in which Charlotte had acted, had left your hero in a very dazed state, and if ever Rodney needed a guide and mentor in his hitherto insipid career, it was now, and how!

"I don't know how to take her, Monsieur Chambrun," jittered Rodney, as he drank a tall Bock with his new Parisian pal. "First she made me feel lower than hell, and then she herself suggested—."

"That you can do as you please with her, *hein?*" chuckled the big man. *"Tres bon,* it is *finis!* It is all over, my boy! She is yours, and I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart!"

"Do you think so?" begged Rodney piteously, as his hand was crushed in the huge, warm paw as in a vise. "She's not playing me along, honest, Monsieur Chambrun? You don't know how tickled I am that I've met you and am getting the real lowdown on what to do!"

"It is nothing, my young friend," chuckled the other. "It is a pleasure, I assure you! Take her favors without another thought, and I hope, as you *Americaines* say, that you will have a very swell time, so that when you finally leave Paris, you will have the most delicious memories."

Rodney wrung his hand fervently. And he watched Charlotte doing her stuff in the Club Pigale that night as one in a delirious dream. Nothing but a very cute sash with silver spangles adorned her spectacular loins. She was simply magnificent in her creamy white nudity as she whirled in the maddest dance he had ever seen in the blinding spotlight. Dim faces all around him in the dusk, rose wave after wave of applause . . . but she seemed to be dancing for him alone. Her eyes were only on him. As she whirled past his ringside table, she blew him torrid kisses, her glance like flame . . . .

And when her dance was over in a thunderous riot of deafening applause, she came to him after she had dressed. At his table, she sat close, and his arm was around her ecstatically while they drank innumerable cocktails and smoked innumerable cigarettes. Rodney felt disembodied as he rose at last and escorted her to their taxi. His head was swimming, and he was one giant ache of desire for her. For the second time in Paris, he was in the most brilliant pink state possible; and he made one round-trip to Paradise as she demonstrated on his lap in the

taxi what was in store for him upon their arrival at her apartment—.

They entered it. The door clicked behind them. She clung to him stranglingly for a long and delirious aeon, then she jerked away from him all at once, and her hands shot to her shoulder straps. As the slinky evening dress slid to the floor, and her eyes shouted to him to take her, Rodney's knees were fluid and shaking. Only the savage flow of the liquor in his veins buoyed him. . . . He swept her into his arms . . . . She reached for the wall lights . . . . Darkness . . . thick . . . black . . . .

And then the door opened softly and light flooded the room suddenly!

Rodney stood stupefied as M. Chambrun faced them, a sardonic grin on his fat lips!

"Excellent!" intoned M. Chambrun delightedly. "I have arrived just in time, I see! My young friend, I can never thank you enough for providing me with the evidence for a divorce that I need!"

Rodney felt Charlotte slip from his arms. He saw her advance, smiling, toward M. Chambrun.

"You think you surprise us, Raoul?" she cooed. "You imagine for one instant that I have not known it was you who urged this nice *Americaine* to make love to me? The instant you told him your middle name, 'Chambrun,' I knew it was you, stupid idiot! Monsieur Rodney did not guess, because he knows only our last name—'Dubonnet'—but I was not fooled for one minute, *non!*"

"I did not try to deceive you, Charlotte," shrugged her husband, composedly. "I only wanted to see how far you would go with this young *Americaine* when you realized it was I who gave him the advice what to do with you. I have been in Paris secretly this last week, and he is not the first one I have seen you, as the *Amricaines* say, playing around with. *Naturalment,* when I talked to him, I did not reveal our last name to him, so he would not comprehend who I am!"

Rodney goggled at both of them with eyes on which a hat could have been hung. Dazedly, he saw that Charlotte and M. Dubonnet were not in the least angry with each other, but seemed to accept the situation with entire coolness and unconcern. And as Charlotte suddenly flowed against him like whipped cream, clung to him laughing, he nearly swooned.

The big man advanced towards him, grinning. He shook his hand with a booming laugh.

"Have a good time with her, my young friend!" he chuckled. "She is as tired of me as I am of her, so it is, as you *Americaines* say, fifty-fifty! *Au 'voir*—I shall not further interrupt your *amour!*"

And with that, he was gone . . . .

Which is why Rodney returned to his mother with a sly grin that she couldn't make head or tail of, two weeks later!

Pardon My Error

Did you see that girl at the dance last night
Who behaved as though she were rather tight,
Who drank all her wine and asked me for mine,
Then looked around for a seidel of beer?
Her such-daring clothes and much-baring pose
Were really too risky and frisky, I fear.
She loved the he-males and shoved the females
And generally raised a hullabaloo
By promiscuous petting and shameless coquetting;
In fact there was nothing that she didn't do.
What! Gosh, I'm sorry. I swear on my life
I had no idea that she was your wife.

This is not a magic carpet Bee Stephens is standing on—it just looks that way.

This is how the Grecians dressed, according to Joan Navarro.

Bernice Snell, with her curly locks, makes a piquant picture.

Bill Picks Up a Blonde

Oh, what a time when a mock marriage turns out to have been a real one, then the effort it took to break it up and put to rights the ends of romance.

By JOSEPH LICHTBLAU

WILLIAM WALLACE HEYWOOD was feeling swell as he neared his home in a Paris suburb that evening. He had licked Rudy Wilstach, a fellow member of Ye Scribes' Club, at golf in the afternoon and won ten dollars, and though ten bucks was hardly more than cigarette dough to Bill, you know how it is when you are the victor in any sporting event—you beam and stick out your chest.

Bill had no thought for anything but Sada as he neared the flat. He had met Sada casually at Ye Scribes' Club, and discovering that she was the cutest red-haired baby in the universe, and a writer like himself, he had had very little difficulty in persuading her to give up her own bachelor flat to share his own. They got along magnificently. They collaborated on the torrid yarns for sizzling periodicals that brought them a nifty income; and since both had never believed in marital handcuffs, their love life was elegiacal.

Though Bill was a sheik of sheiks with the women, and Sada had been a hot number with the males, both were broad-minded enough not to be jealous or to cramp each other's style after they got together in Bill's lodgings. They were made for each other and other affairs did not interest them. What did it matter if Sada wore no wedding ring? Or that the nameplate on Bill's door simply said "Heywood"?

When Bill looked at Sada's delicious poppy lips, the exquisite torso and rhapsodical legs; when her wicked chartreuse eyes grew tender and melting as she climbed on his lap and strangled him with her kisses, he blissfully consigned every other baby in the universe to hades and felt he had horseshoes because this delectable goddess was his. Not only was she the most alluring honey in the world, but she could put the sizzling touches to his plots that made editors come across with juicy checks. Brains, *und wie!*

So the ten-dollar bill he'd won had already been transformed into three pairs of nude stockings for Sada as he neared home that night. And he was already

tingling with the anticipation of the kiss that would be his reward for the trifling gift. Sada had been a trifle frigid of late, Bill had found; he grinned as he recalled there was nothing like a little gift to make a peeved baby smile again and cuddle up in his arms . . . when he hit the hay. He'd been pretty well plastered of late; had played too much late poker with Rudy Wilstach's bunch at the club, and Sada had been sore . . .

Just as he was about to pass Guffanti's, the speakeasy three houses away from his, a girl spoke to him. She had been standing directly in front of the low latticed basement—a dizzy blonde in a tam and a red jersey. If she hadn't spoken to him, Bill would have given her one perfunctory glance and hurried by; dizzy blondes were too common to notice.

"Hello," she said, "Why the hurry?"

Bill grinned. "Sorry, baby. No chance."

"Oh, is that so?" she said. "Listen. I'm not trying to make you, if that's your idea. I'm in a bit of a jam, and you look as if you're regular enough to help me out."

"Oh, yeah?" came back Bill. "Thanks. And what's it all about?"

"I had a date with a fellow," she said. "He was supposed to meet me here and buy me a feed and some drinks. He gave me a standup. I'm broke. If I don't eat tonight, I'm out of luck, because I'm a model here in the Village and every darned artist I've tried has no work for me until tomorrow. And business is so punk of late that I couldn't even get an advance . . ."

Bill's grin faded. He gave her a sharp look to see if she really was sincere; then he nodded. Guffanti's was quite a rendezvous for the models and artists in the Village. Swell steaks and chops and good booze. And she was vaguely familiar to him, too. He had a hazy recollection of having seen her coming out of Guffanti's occasionally with different men. The red jersey clung passionately to a luscious, slim form. The pleated satin skirt just covered dimpled, delightful knees. Her hair was dazzlingly golden. Big blue eyes, begging him to give her a break. One side of her skirt had slipped up a trifle, and Bill got a flash of a thrilling white thigh, the lace of a silken singlette.

He dug out a five-dollar bill.

"All right, baby, there you are. 'Bye—and I wish you lots of luck tomorrow—"

"Thanks a lot, but I wouldn't enjoy eating alone," she said. "Be nice and join me, won't you?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Bill hurriedly. "It's impossible."

She put her arm through his coaxingly. She pouted up at him and a silken strand of hair brushed his cheek. She seemed to melt against him so that an involuntary tingle delightfully shot through him.

"Please," she coaxed. "You won't regret it—"

Bill thought of Sada, waiting for him. She would hit the roof if he weren't home soon. But the girl was already drawing him down the steps. And the way she was pressing against him . . . suddenly made desire rave in his veins like mad. Sada had folks in Nice whom she visited once in a while for weeks at a time. It was gosh-awful lonesome and blue when she was away. This cutie's phone number would be mighty convenient to have . . . then. Bill weakened.

"All right," he said. "I'll have a couple of drinks with you and then leave you, baby."

But she wouldn't let him go after the first two drinks . . .

The next thing Bill knew, he was laughing hilariously, crazily. The back room of the place was swimming dizzily around him, and she was on his lap, burning him up with her torrid kisses, begging him to go with her to her room . . .

When Bill got to his lodgings at noon next day, everything that had happened was a blank. He couldn't remember anything except that he'd lugged along two quarts of rye to Mona's room, and then he'd gone blotto . . . Sada was nowhere in sight. But a note was pinned to the pillow next to his, and Bill's dazed eyes shot incredulously over what she had written.

Darling: Alice Hoyt, my Boston girl friend, dropped in to see me unexpectedly while you were away playing golf today, and insisted I should return with her for a week-end at Saville, so I've packed my bag and will be gone over Sunday. Take care of yourself while I'm gone, darling; and remember—no femmes, or I'll skin you alive! Hastily,

Sada.

What a break! Bill gave an explosive sigh of relief and tumbled into bed like a dead man, not even stopping to remove his shoes. When he awoke again, it was midnight. He grabbed a swift cold shower, brewed a pot of coffee and gulped it down, and then, his head thumping like mad, went into the corner drugstore

for a box of aspirin tablets. Grinning guiltily over the fast one he'd pulled on Sada, he returned to the flat, relieved his headache with the aspirin, and then phoned Rudy Wilstach at his club to see if he were home or not.

The club answered:

"Mr. Wilstach left unexpectedly for Saville yesterday around midnight, Mr. Heywood. Someone sent him a wire, and he hastily packed a bag and—"

"What? What's that?" gasped Bill. "Saville? Who the devil's Rudy got in Saville, confound him? I was playing golf with the son of a gun only yesterday afternoon, myself! And he never gave me to understand he had any relatives or friends there . . . !"

He could almost see the valet shrugging his shoulders as he replied that he couldn't tell him; he was as much in the dark as he.

Bill hung up with a perplexed frown and a slowly-forming dark suspicion; a suspicion that bothered him more than he cared to confess even to himself. He'd called up Rudy to find out if they couldn't get the gang together for an enjoyable little poker session in Bill's place, now that Sada was gone temporarily. And Rudy, a bachelor, had been pretty sweet on Sada before Bill acquired her, although he had seemed to forget her completely the instant she showed her love for Bill. And both were in Saville . . . ! Could it be possible that—

Bill sweated profusely at the thought. Sada in Rudy's arms? A secret rendezvous in Alice Hoyt's Saville Apartments? Impossible! Sada was too crazy about Bill for that! And yet—

Bill found himself pacing the floor, all hot and bothered, glaring at Sada's note in a fever of doubt and suspense. No longer did the thought of his spicy little adventure with Mona cause him to grin guiltily; he damned that dizzy blonde cutie whole-heartedly and wished he'd never met her. If he'd been home when Sada left, he could have told from her eyes, perhaps, whether—

Suddenly the doorbell rang violently, and Bill's hectic train of harassed thought ceased as he responded and admitted—

Mona!

She was carrying a suitcase. Over one arm was draped a coat. On the second finger of her left hand a wedding ring and a nifty solitaire besides scintillated stupefyingly at Bill; ornaments that had never decorated that finger yesterday! She dumped the suitcase and the coat on the sofa, went straight to Bill and flung her arms around him.

"Well, here I am, old dear. Your little wifey, come to live for good with her great, big, darling hubby! Aren't you tickled pink to see me?"

If the ceiling had crashed down on Bill, he could have been no more wrecked than by those paralyzing words, that she cooed so sweetly. "What? What's that?" he gasped. "Wifey! Hubby! What in heck are you raving about?"

A hard little laugh escaped her.

"Ah, stop kidding me," she said, and shrugged. "Are you trying to make me believe you don't know we got sealed yesterday in the Municipal Bureau, Bill? And that you gave a check for five hundred at the jeweler's for these two rings? And that you told me to come right over here for good the minute I did some necessary shopping and running around . . ?"

From her smart little gold purse she flashed a wedding license. As she waved it before Bill's paralyzed eyes, she sneered triumphantly. Bill's popping eyes swiftly read the license. Ye gods! It was true! He'd married her, no doubt about that whatever! And a swift, glazed look at his pocket checkbook revealed also that he'd drawn two checks—one for five hundred made out to a jewelry firm, the other to "Cash" for another five hundred —with which she'd bought herself Lord knew what—

Bill gave a hollow moan as he collapsed on the sofa and glared at Mona. Now, for the first time since he'd come home, the blank that had been yesterday began to take shape in his mind. She had kept him drunk. She had taken him places and made him do things he'd thought a colossal joke at the time . . . Good night and suffering saints . . . what an ass he'd been!

Already she was stripping off her chic new street dress. Already she had opened the suitcase and drawn out a slinky soie de chine nightgown. The spidery chemise came off over her new and fetching haircut, and she stood revealed in nothing but a brassiere and a stepin . . . wispy . . . like fragile sea foam. She was linking his arm in hers—yawning sleepily.

"Let's hit the hay, darling. Gee, but I'm sleepy," she said.

Bill croaked, his voice seeming to come from miles away:

"Nothing doing, absolutely! I was lit up like a night club when I married you, and I didn't know what I was doing! I'm sorry and everything, but you'll have to get out—"

She gave him a sudden blue and icy look that made him shudder.

"Oh, yeah, darling? Think that alibi will hold in court? I need a meal ticket for life, and you're elected! If you insist that I go, I'll see my lawyer! Laugh that off if you can!"

Bill thought of Sada, who might return tomorrow, and almost passed out. Ye gods, what a jam! He poured himself a stiff bracer from the bottle on the sideboard, and seething rage surged through him because he had allowed himself to be gypped so cleverly. He did not stop to think collectedly, but, acting on impulse, blindly made Mona dress again, vowing that he'd fight her in court no matter what the consequences.

"O. K. by me," was her parting shot as she went out. "I've already consulted my lawyer, darling; and he tells me I've got a sure case if you want to be a dope and fight it."

Poor Bill spent a restless night.

When he woke next day, feeling like something trampled on by elephants, he snapped into his clothes and, without waiting for breakfast, grabbed a taxi in the street, intent on consulting Stevens Wright, an old college pal who was a big shot in the legal line. But he had hardly entered the taxi when another one shot up to the curb, and Sada emerged from it and cried out hysterically:

"Where are you going, Bill? Just a minute!"

Bill dismissed his taxi with speed and paid off Sada's driver. He grabbed her suitcase and hustled her up to the apartment; and though he was in such a daze that he saw her only in a blind blur, he could see that she was as upset as he was, if not more so.

"Oh, darling," she choked, and let loose a flood of hysterical tears on his shoulder, "something too awful for words has happened! I thought I'd pass out before the darned poky old train reached the station—"

Bill held her off at arms' length and glared at her.

"Hold everything," he snapped. "Before you go on—did you or did you not meet Rudy Wilstach in Saville on the sly, woman?"

Sada's tears slid down her cheeks wildly.

"Yes, I did, honey, but I can explain—"

"And you'd better make it convincing!" he said grimly, for the moment so burned up by her admission that he completely forgot his own jam. "If that guy has started anything with you—"

"Wait, Bill," she cried. "Listen. It happened like this: You know you hate to travel and week-end parties bore you to tears. So when Alice Hoyt suggested I wire Rudy Wilstach to come out, instead of you, I did it just to please her. She needed a clever bridge hand to round out her party, and Rudy's a shark at bridge, as you know. Well, we all got pie-eyed—wound up with a hot drinking-and-necking party; and Rudy suggested a mock marriage as a specially brilliant idea which we greeted with whoops of joy, in our cock-eyed state. I was to be the blushing bride, and he the groom—"

"He's clever like that," growled Bill with intense sarcasm. "Well, and what happened then?"

"He pulled a fast one, Bill," wept Sada. "It seems he never got over his pash for me; and there was a real minister present—that nitwit George Godfrey, who's in the Evangelist Camp Meeting racket when he's not too lit up to work. I was too boiled to remember George could legally tie any knot, and that's how it happened!"

"Good God," yelped Bill. "You mean Rudy Wilstach is legally sealed to you?"

"Yes. He must have planned it in advance the minute he got my wire asking him to come out. I thought the license he produced was just a joke, and I fell for it—until I woke up this morning and he showed me, grinning like a Cheshire cat, that it was real—"

Bill was too paralyzed for words. All he could do was to stagger limply to the sofa. After a while he told Sada with a very red face what had happened to him, and she almost swooned. What a swell situation all around! Sada tied to a guy she loathed; and he with Mona on his hands—Gosh!

Suddenly Sada grinned wickedly. Parked on Bill's lap, with the inspiration of a couple of cocktails, her clever brain had produced a wow of an idea; and as Bill listened to her plan to sever their marital handcuffs he stopped moaning hollowly and chuckled.

He went out into the street blithely whistling. He grabbed a taxi and ordered the driver to wait in front of the rue St. Ann building where Mona lived. He smoked seven cigarettes until she came out of her own taxi, which appeared about half an hour later, when he hailed her.

"Look here, baby," he said, grinning. "Your visit to the lawyer wasn't necessary, after all. I've decided to recognize you as my legal wife."

Mona looked at him suspiciously, but he had a straight face, and she fell for it.

"Okay, darling," she nodded. I thought you would when you got over your mad. I'll phone the lawyer to call off my suit right away."

"All right," agreed Bill cheerfully. "Do that, and I'll wait for you in this taxi, baby. We're going up to see a pal of mine afterwards. As long as we're married, I might as well introduce you to all my friends."

Rudy Wilstach was nearly bowled over when Bill presented Mona to him that afternoon. He had expected Bill to hit the roof and start something—and Bill's grinning face and cordial handshake almost stunned him.

"Hello, Rudy," Bill said. "Meet the wife!"

"The wife?" stuttered Rudy. "When—when did she come into your life, for Pete's sake?"

"Oh, you know how those things go," said Bill, chuckling as if it were the most casual event in the universe. "I got fed up with Sada and got That Way about Mona, and she decided to grab me before someone else did. Eh, baby?" and he put his arm around he most convincingly and gave her a squeeze.

She giggled and snuggled closer. *"Und wie,* darling!"

Rudy stammered, "But—but what happened to Sada? Did she tell you what

happened in Alice Hoyt's apartment in Seville?"

Bill shrugged easily. "And what of it? I left her in possession of the flat, because Mona and I are going to start housekeeping elsewhere; and she was so fed up with me anyway, she said, that I could do anything I liked—"

Rudy covertly felt the cheek Sada had slapped forcefully during their snappy little farewell scene that morning. He had decided to see what Bill would do first, before he went after her again; and now he grinned happily and invited Bill and Mona to be guests at a little celebration in their honor—a hot party he would throw for them that night.

"I'll invite the gang right away and we'll have a swell time, Bill, before you and Mona go on your honeymoon," he said.

So Bill, chuckling to himself because his Perfect Host had fallen for it, was assigned to a guest room with Mona, and played the satisfied husband so realistically until nightfall that she began to really believe Bill had fallen for her with a sudden thud. He left her in the bathtub toward dusk, glowing with his passionate kisses and preparing to knock the guests off their feet with a new evening frock Bill had bought her via the phone, and she was pretty well lit up also, as Bill had ordered a flock of drinks, too.

Bill found Rudy in his study, manipulating a cocktail shaker.

"All set for tonight, Rudy?" he inquired, grinning.

"Right," nodded Rudy. "Art Jones is coming, and Terry Wilder and Nancy Mack and about a dozen others. Boy, it will be a night to remember! I've got a special case of champagne from the bottler, and—"

"Great," bubbled Bill. "Slip me a drink from that shaker and then I'm going to take a little walk in the garden to cool my fevered brow. Mona's the most torrid baby in the universe, and a guy needs plenty of cool air . . . after he leaves her for a while. You know how it is!"

"You lucky bum," chuckled Rudy, enviously. "You always were some picker. She's the cutest blonde I've seen in many moons."

"Thanks," laughed Bill. ". . . Oh, by the way, would you mind running up to my room and slipping her this cigarette case, Rudy, while I'm in the garden? I forgot to leave her any fags and she'll want some. I just remembered an important phone call I've got to make—"

"Sure," agreed Rudy, unsuspiciously. "I'll take it right up, Bill. Go ahead with your phone call."

Bill had left the guest room in darkness. The bathroom adjoining it, of course, was lighted—and unlocked. Knowing Mona and Rudy as he did, he knew darned well what would happen! The instant Rudy disappeared up the stairs, Bill raced out to the garden in the rear of the bungalow. Sure enough, Sada was waiting for hi mthere, with a flat, heavy package, hidden behind the small arbor. She came toward him breathlessly.

"Did it work, darling?" she whispered.

"Quick!" hissed Bill. "Give me that camera. The plates all ready in it and everything?"

"Yes, honey!"

Arm in arm, they raced into the house and tiptoed up the stairs to the guest room. Bill chuckled as he heard certain suspicious sounds there—a giggle, an ecstatic deep Wilstach chuckle, the unmistakable clink of glasses— He flung open the door. Mona was in Rudy's arms, of course, passionately responding to that Benedict Arnold's torrid lips. Sada lit a

match and applied it to the powder for the flash, and Bill snapped his camera.

F-i-z-z! Crackle! F-i-z-z! The room was illumined by a sudden blinding brief glare, and then Bill, sure he'd gotten a perfect shot, turned on the room lights and confronted the startled neckers.

"Okay, you two," he chuckled. "It couldn't have clicked better if I'd rehearsed this scene myself for a year ahead. Now that I have the evidence, my dears, everything is lovely."

He gave Sada an ecstatic hug, waved his hand mockingly at the two paralyzed figures and went on:

"A double divorce will be a cinch to get now with this evidence, so 'bye, you two smart eggs—Sada and I have decided to take a honeymoon the instant we're free . . . eh, baby?"

"Oh, Bill! Won't we, though!" she cried hysterically.

And then Bill dropped the heavy photographer's camera, from which Sada had removed the tripods, with a crash! He could hear every glass plate in it go smash with a sickening thud; and as he stared stricken at the ruin of his evidence, which had slipped out of his hand in his exultation like a greased eel, he almost swooned. Sada stared at the smashed camera. Then she stared at Bill. Mona stared dizzily at Rudy, and Rudy goggled at all of them.

"Oh, Bill!" wailed Sada. "Why did you let it fall? Now we're in a swell mess again—"

Bill could say nothing. Gasping, he tottered. Then all at once Rudy spoke, and his voice was thick, choked.

"Bill, you can have Sada for all I care! Mona's marvelous! Gosh, how marvelous! I'll divorce Sada in a minute if you say so and grab Mona instead—"

"Absholutely," hiccupped Mona, reeling a bit. And she gave Bill the most scornful glare in the world. "Go 'way, you poor wet shmack—I think Rudy'sh jush shwell—"

Bill and Sada taxied home in a blissful stupor . . .

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TTER OF FORM

Renovation

If you want to get a divorce—bad enough
—you'll generally get it—in the neck!

By EDDIE BRADDOCK

IRVING GOLDSTEIN, chief of the Eureka Detective Agency, sat in his office, in interested conversation with a client. He was more than interested because the client was the very beautiful and charming society matron, Miriam Allston, who had been Miriam Stonefellow before her marriage. And that name was synonymous with wealth and choice standing the world over.

"So you see, Mr. Goldstein, it is absolutely essential that I force Mr. Allston to give me the divorce that I so strongly desire."

"And he refuses to do so?"

"Yes. He knows that something is in the wind and gave me to understand that he will fight any action I may take."

Goldstein played with his long fingers for a long moment. Then he was struck with a happy thought.

"Ahem. If only you would give me a carte-blanche, so to speak, I could perhaps bring about an amicable settlement."

Mrs. Allston shrugged her shoulders.

"Go to any extremes, spare no expense, only free me from him at the earliest possible moment."

Goldstein laughed quietly.

"Well, we'll have to use subterfuge; underhanded in a way, but I'll guarantee it will bring results. Just a minute and I'll show you the *deus ex Machina* I'm going to employ to bring your errant hubby to his knees."

Goldstein pushed a buzzer three times and they waited for a minute or two before the back door opened to admit a marvelous looking young woman. She was dressed in a neat blue business suit and the look in her eyes would have convinced any man that she really did mean business. Her blonde hair was tossed back in a wind-blown bob and her blue eyes looked for all the world like those of a bewildered young debutante who was standing with her back to the wall trying to dissuade some adventurous young Romeo from kissing her.

"Mrs. Allston, permit me to present my clever operative, Miss Eve Lynn. Eve, Mrs. Allston."

Mrs. Allston looked Eve over carefully. She saw with a womanly intuition what a man would have missed utterly. And that was that Eve belied her age tremendously. She read a sort of resourcefulness in the well-moulded chin in spite of its disarming dimple and the eyes told her of a stubborn determination.

She turned to Goldstein. Her nod was one of approval.

"If any one can make Mr. Allston swerve from the path of righteousness, Miss Lynn can certainly do it, but I'm afraid it will be a difficult contract to fulfill."

Miss Lynn sat down at the desk and lighted a cigarette. The matron's estimation of her made her chuckle.

"You'll pardon me, Mrs. Allston, but if it's merely to lead your husband astray for legal reasons that you desire, consider it done. I've yet to meet a man who would refuse to be captivated by my charms. And I do so love to play that little game."

She tossed her cigarette into a convenient tray and Goldstein took up the trend of the talk.

"Yeah, Mrs. Allston, Eve is older than she looks. She's going to be twenty-five Saturday and when she says she loves the game, she's not lying. You see it's this way. When Eve was a kid about seventeen, a beau brummel came into her young life and like all wild kids she fell for him. He took her out in his limousine time and again and most always acted nice until one night, after a big party where booze was a big item, they were returning home and he became unmannerly. What was that you called his car, Eve?"

Eve looked up grinning: "The Mayflower."

Goldstein laughed, winking at Mrs. Allston.

"If you get the connection, Mrs. Allston. Of course, you do. Well, things happened after that night that had best be kept out of the records, but since that time, Eve has developed an anti-man complex and she likes to trip 'em up whenever she gets the chance. And business is business. She'll deliver the goods, all right."

So it was arranged. Eve was to lure the genial Allston into a convenient hotel room and become a bit too familiar and in some way she could arrange to give Mrs. Allston the tipoff as to where they

could be found. The latter could then come in on them and find them in a very, very compromising situation and there you'd have grounds and grounds for a separation. Simple!

But Allston was a tough egg to spoil. He had always been a home loving sort of a chap and didn't care particularly for the sweet mama type of woman, even if he was a gentleman and they're supposed to prefer the blondes.

Eve tried several times to attract his attention. But he never gave her a tumble and she knew that it would have to be extenuating circumstances that would pull the drawstring around his neck.

She went to a polo match on Saturday and watched the gracious Allston ride No. 3 and how he did it was a marvel. After the game the crowd melted away fast, but Eve stayed on. She decided on a coup. Perhaps it would work. Again it might be spoiled by some other chap bursting in. Anyway it was worth a try.

And as Allston and a friend were coming out of the runways leading from the stables to the parking grounds they spied a damsel in distress.

She was a vivacious looking belle, blonde, blue of eye and wearing the most attractive suit ensemble of cream tint topped with a tam of white silk. Yet, she appeared miserable and hopped about painfully.

Allston beat Jackson to her side. He grasped her arm lightly and held her up as she looked into his eyes.

"Pardon me, miss," he said gallantly, "but you seem to be hurt."

"I am. I sprained this ankle of mine. It's always weak and when I saw the crowd leaving in the car without me I tried to catch up with them and stepped on a stone and here I am. They've all gone and I'm left. And it's five miles to the city. If you would be so kind, sir, won't you please call me a taxi?"

Allston laughed casually and turned to Jackson.

"Guess you'd better run along, Jack. "I'll see you at the club later. I'm going to drive Miss—er—"

"Lynn."

"I'm going to drive Miss Lynn home."

Jackson left them and drove off as Allston slowly and carefully conducted Eve to his roadster, lifting her bodily and placing her in the seat beside him. He got in from the other side and they were speeding along merrily.

"It's so nice of you, Mr. Allston. Really, I shall be unable to pay you back for your kindness."

"Don't mention it, Miss Lynn."

"Won't you call me Eve, please. I'm so much younger than you. Really I'm just a little girl."

Allston took his gaze off the road and smiled.

"All right, Eve, if you'll call me Jules."

Eve made a mental note that Jules was a nice chap, much too nice to have a frigid wife like Miriam. But she was too busy planning for the denouement to give it much thought.

They drove up to the hotel and he escorted her to the elevator and took her to the eighth floor, down the hall and into her apartment. It was so cozy there. A nice little sitting room with a divan, two soft chairs that just invited relaxation. She begged him to sit down for a moment.

"Do make yourself at home, Mr. Allston. I really owe you so much. And won't you please make us a couple of highballs. You'll find the bottle in the little cabinet there and the glasses on the shelf there. Here, I'll ring for the ice. I know I should do that, but I'm incapacitated, you know."

Allston returned her smile and went about making the drinks nonchalantly while she reclined on the divan and drew off her shoes. She took off her stockings while his back was turned and had her legs propped up high on the pile of cushions when he finally turned. He could not help seeing more of her then. He came over with the drinks. She took hers and pointed to a little footstool in a corner.

"Please, Jules, bring that over and do sit down while you sip. There, that's sweet of you."

He looked up at her from his low perch and felt a series of contrary emotions coursing through him that could scarcely be ascribed to the potency of the liquor. Her limbs were so well formed. Usually, you know, they do say that a woman's limbs are so much prettier with a silk casing, but this time—well, Allston was no child. But withal he liked the view and caught the unholy gleam in her wicked little eyes.

Neither said a thing until the sipping was finished and then she remarked: "It's awfully warm here, isn't it, Jules?"

He agreed and said:

"It certainly is. But we've got some more ice and there's still something in the bottle. Shall I repeat the operation?"

She nodded vehemently and he proceeded but not before she excused herself for the moment and retreated into the next room.

He had the drinks ready and was waiting when she reappeared. He arose on seeing her and took a step forward. What a sight for tired eyes! Eve, beautiful, blue eyed, blonde, white of skin, clad in a shimmering silk, lacy blue underthing that baffled description. It was gorgeous, impossible of description. She stood there like a little white faun, as though she was a little startled at his prying gaze, but it was only momentary. She seemed to catch her breath and advanced toward him.

"Do you like it, Jules? I bought it in Paris last month. Isn't it gorgeous?"

He laughed a little hoarsely. It was so hard, difficult to combat this new feeling that crept into his blood. A mad desire to take this delicate, fragile little thing into his embrace and crush it to him, to fondle it, to taste of its sweetly disarming ambrosia.

"Eve, why did you do this? You know that I cannot resist you. I am fighting

to hold myself in leash. I want to kiss you, to pet you, to love you."

She looked up with a teasing twinkle in her eyes. Then turning she went to the door, turned the key in the lock and threw the key into a bowl. Then she went and threw herself lightly on the divan.

He stood for an interminable time, rooted to the spot and then went to her eagerly. He knelt at her side, took her in his arms, kissed her mouth, cheeks, neck. He crushed her to him, like a mother does a beloved baby. He lost himself entirely in loving rapture that her presence seemed to give him.

And she permitted him all of those caresses, those manifestations of passion. Little by little her own coolness wore off and suddenly she found herself returning his burning kisses, holding him tightly as if afraid that someone were going to steal him from her.

She gave herself to him entirely. Languidly she thought it all a dream, but it was a pleasant one at that. Her breath came in short, staccato, sibilant whispers and her breast heaved with emotion. It was the first real exhilaration she had ever experienced.

And then, when the first, warm, pulsing activity of her newborn love for him wore off, she burst into sobs that shook her entire body. He looked down upon her with a sad, inquiring gaze.

"What is the matter, sweetheart? Have I done anything to hurt you, to make you unhappy?"

"No, darling, you've made me so happy. It's I who have done wrong. I who have planned to inveigle you here and compromise you so that your wife would come here and find you alone with me. I was to call her and give her grounds for a divorce suit. And now, I've learned to love you and you are so marvelous that I feel like a cat to have done that to you."

Jules laughed and kissed her cheeks, her tear-stained eyelids and her pretty red mouth.

"You little darling. Can't you see that it's all right. If you hadn't tried to induce me to come here in the first place, we'd never have met and we'd never have found out that we were intended for each other. Little sweetheart!"

"Then you forgive me?"

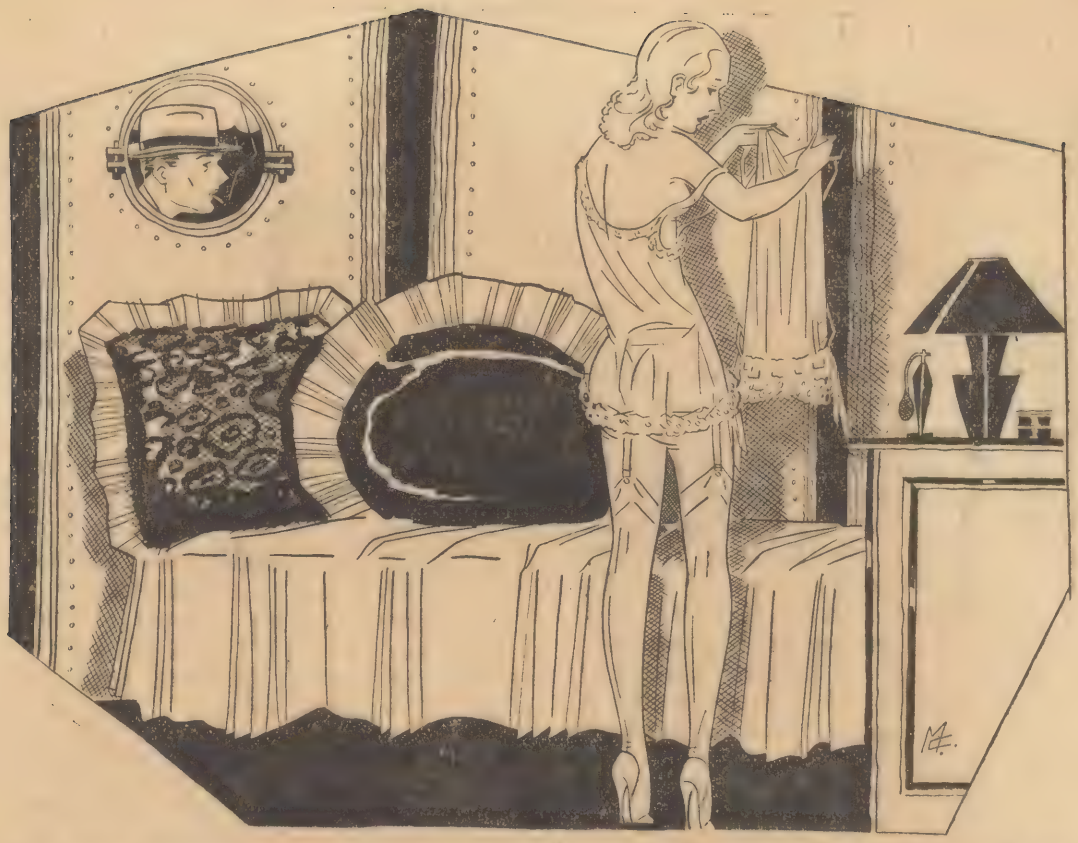
"Forgive you, little baby, I love you."

He arose and went to the telephone. He called a number. She looked at him in amazement.

"Why, you're calling—"

"Exactly, Eve, I want her to come here and get her grounds. I want to make sure." He hung up quietly and went to the bowl, took out the key, opened the door and returned to her side, his arms stealing about her in a caressing embrace.

Voice from keyhole: "Would you mind stepping this way a bit, Madam?"



Sam had discovered that he could easily peer into Nan's room from the deck, and had watched her prepare for bed each night.

Sam's Double Cross

Sam steered his pretty accomplice just one time too often to a willing victim. She fell and, oh, how far she went, Sam knows.

By T. Havril Scott

SAM was what you might call a man of the world—having a circle of acquaintances that touched three continents. He had spent three years, less six months off for good behavior, at a quiet suburban retreat upstate in New York; Scotland Yard had extended invitations to him from time to time which he had so far successfully declined, and he had, upon more than one occasion, exchanged the time of day and other such pleasantries with the Parisian Prefect of Police. And upon his last trip from France to the United States, he had been met at the dock—personally mind you—by a member of the U. S. Department of Justice who had politely and firmly informed him that passage had been engaged for him on the next outgoing steamer.

Inasmuch as the hospitality of the otherwise opulent United States was confined to steerage passage, and as steerage was extremely distasteful to Sam, and to Nan, his traveling companion and accomplice, as well, Sam had engaged first cabin, and then disgustedly thrown the two steerage tickets overboard.

Which was why Sam was wrapped up in a steamer rug on the deck of the SS. Bordeaux, bound for Havre. Sam's particular racket was as simple as it was successful be-

cause it depended solely upon the effects of a sweet, dimpled smile and a sylph-like form upon some rich male sucker—"client" was the term Sam used.

The sweet, dimpled smile and sylph-like form were supplied to perfection by Nan, who happened to be occupying the chair next to Sam as they laid plans for their next haul. It was always the same: Nan would strike up an acquaintance with their victim and inveigle him to her room; Sam would enter at an intimate moment—and how Nan could be intimate!—and play the outraged brother, finally allowing filthy but welcome lucre to assuage his anger. Sam and Nan had grown rich at it. Nan was the best "come-on" girl Sam had ever had.

One glance at Nan supplied some of the reasons why Nan was so successful as a lure; the rest of the reasons were daringly suggested by her quite inadequate clothing. She was a delicious little red head, built like Venus should have been, and the way she could droop her heavy lashes over her "come-hither" eyes! It was small wonder that men madly pursued her for a few glamorous—and expensive—moments of her caresses.

Sam and Nan had not anticipated further operations until they should arrive in Paris, but the presence on board of Pierre Arbonne, the debonair son of one of the richest men of France was too good an opportunity to miss.

"If we take him down the line for twenty thousand francs," Sam was saying in an undertone as he leaned toward Nan, "we can take a nice long vacation at Monte Carlo. I'm itching to make a little jack there, too."

"Don't be too sure," admonished Nan. "We sunk five grand there last summer. I'll keep my ten thousand split in my bank." She slapped her leg whose stocking kept a roll of money. "Well, what's this Pierre Arbonne fellow look like? Is he easy to warm up or will I have to work for this killing?"

"He'll be easy. He's got quite a reputation as a rounder—Follies Bergere girls and that sort of thing." Sam's eyes suddenly brightened. "Sh, here he comes now; that bird with the white muffler and the moustache."

Nan looked up as Pierre walked by alone. She noticed that he was quite handsome with flashing black eyes, and with her feminine intuition—backed by years of experience with men—she sensed that he would be easy to lure into her stateroom.

Sam and Nan watched him pass several times as he sauntered about the deck. Finally he sank into a steamer chair and opened a book. After a few moments he laid the book down and sat there, staring out to sea.

"Now, Nan," directed Sam softly, "there's your chance. All baited. Get him and stick with him. And remember, eight o'clock tonight in your stateroom. See that you don't have much on when I bust in."

Nan threw down her cigarette. "Don't worry, Sam. This guy'll be easy," she replied determinedly as she arose from her chair. "Eight o'clock sharp."

Nan strolled, apparently unconcernedly, down the deck and as she passed Monsieur Arbonne, she dropped her handkerchief. Pierre started to rise from his chair to rescue the lacy thing, when a sudden gust of sea wind deftly lifted Nan's skirt quite high, and since Nan was not too profuse with undies, the general effect on Pierre was pleasant. So pleasant that he immediately stepped up beside her while the lace hankie floated out to sea.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked her in his broken English.

"Well, you may have seen some of me," replied Nan as she tried uselessly to keep her swirling skirts down. Pierre noticed her embarrassment and suggested that they take steamer chairs for a while.

"Fine," thought Sam to himself as he watched their meeting. He gloated inwardly as he thought of the hour of eight when he would break into Nan's stateroom. He hoped Nan would obey his injunction to have very few clothes on, for the greater her deshabille, the more could he feign anger, and the more money would the poor Pierre hand over. Business looked good for Sam today.

He observed with a sense of finality that Nan and her new boy friend were getting quite well acquainted. Pierre was holding

Dolly Arney, a beauty from the West, where men are men and women are glad of it

One step here, one step there and you see Mary Carr dancing the minuet.

With such jet-black hair Catherine Navarro could join any Indian tribe.

A sudden gust of wind deftly lifted Nan's skirt quite high.

her hand and getting the full fire of her devastating eyes.

Sam left for the card room to see if he couldn't find some honest Frenchman who would like to learn the game of black-jack. Sam believed inherently that a man should never waste a single moment. Consequently he did not see Nan and Pierre until dinner time.

Sam was eating at a table hidden behind some potted palms. He saw Nan, radian in a black gown that revealed much and insinuated still more. Pierre escorted her to the Captain's table. Sam didn't like that. For them to eat with the Captain would attract publicity which might not be so good. Sam was cognizant of the fact that on the high seas, the Captain represented the law. Then, too, Sam figured, it ought to suit Nan's purpose better to have Pierre at a table just for two. He hoped Nan wasn't bungling this job.

His doubts were swept away as he noticed the way Nan responded to Pierre's attentions to her. The idolizing look in Pierre's eyes as he constantly gazed at Nan showed all too plainly that he was badly smitten. And it wouldn't be long until he was badly bitten, figured Sam as he glanced at his watch. Just an hour and he and Nan would be twenty thousand francs richer. Ten for him and ten for Nan.

Sam chewed his cigar viciously on that thought. He didn't like it so well. Five thousand should be enough for Nan. Perhaps he could take ten thousand francs from Pierre in front of Nan, split with her and then later blackmail him for another ten grand in francs. That plan suited him much better.

Sam started for the men's lounge to place a bet on tomorrow's run of the ship when a sudden inspiration seized him. Why not go to the window of Nan's stateroom and see how things were proceeding? Sam had discovered, on the first day out from New York, that he could easily peer into Nan's room from the deck, and he had watched Nan prepare for bed each night—unknown to Nan, of course. Unscrupulous as Sam was, it must be admitted that the men who would willingly forego a chance to gaze upon Nan's exquisite body were few and far between.

Sam stood in the shadow of a ventilator and peered into Nan's stateroom. What he saw therein warmed his swindling heart. They were there all right—and how! Nan's naiad-like form was in the mad, passionate clasp of Pierre who was rapaciously caressing her. His hands avidly slid over the close form-revealing gown of Nan as he ardently showered fiery kisses on her ripe, red mouth. Sam counted his kisses: one, two, three—ten—fifteen—twenty. Pierre came up for air. Twenty kisses, twenty thousand francs, a thousand francs a kiss, calculated Sam to himself in his vantage point. "Nan's kisses come high," he told Pierre who did not hear. Pierre took Nan into his arms again; Pierre's trembling hand fondled Nan's marble-white shoulder. The slim shoulder strap of her dress slipped down. Sam glanced at his watch; a minute to eight. Good Nan; she was running to schedule. Sam glanced into the room again. The other strap was down, and Pierre was fervently kissing her satiny, heaving throat. Sam felt his blood run riot as he watched their impassioned love making, and almost forgot his errand.

A moment later he snapped out of it and turned into the companionway to her stateroom. He paused at the door long enough to work his face into a scowl of feigned outragedness, and then burst into the room. Nan gave a short gasp and jumped up, her dress falling to the floor. Pierre looked up, amazed, and attempted to straighten his disarrayed clothing.

"You dirty, sneaking snake," bellowed Sam as he started his speech of indignation for the 'steenth time. "Trying to ruin my sister, are you; I've got half a mind to kill you for that."

He raised his hand in a menacing gesture toward Pierre. Pierre stood his ground, firm, resolute, as anger spread over his face.

"I do not care whezzer dees girl is your sister or not, but you had better get out of here."

Pierre turned toward Nan who was cowering in the corner; she opened her lips as though she were going to speak, then stopped and broke into tears. Sam would have sworn that her humiliation was sincere; never had he seen Nan act so cleverly. Pierre started to put his arm about Nan when Sam snorted, "take your filthy hands off my sister; you and I are going to settle this here and now."

Pierre stepped in front of Sam and glowered at him. "Will you leave from here before I sock you on ze nose."

"Say, you frog-eating Frenchman, I'm staying here until you do right by my sister." Sam played his ace by taking out an automatic pistol, loaded with blanks of course, but before he could menace the Frenchman, it was snatched out of his hand by Pierre who was certainly not frightened, and certainly was angry.

"For ze last time, will you leave my wife's room, before I keel you."

Sam stiffened; a look of incredibility spread over his livid face as he turned to Nan. She was sobbing and he could see that they were genuine tears.

Nan gave a short gasp and jumped up, her dress falling to the floor.

"It's true, Sam," she told him, "I am his wife. When we met this afternoon, it was a case of love at first sight I guess, and we had the Captain marry us. I'm sorry Sam, but I'm through with this racket. I tried to find you to tell you."

Sam's anger knew no bounds. He glowered at the resolute Pierre who was holding Nan in his arms. "Why, you fool," Sam sneered, "she's a crook."

"Was a crook, you mean." Pierre's answer was resonant. "She has reformed now. Nan, she told me all about herself dees afternoon." He shrugged his shoulders. "I have not been very good man myself. I have been what you call ze sheik. Nan and I, we both turn over new leaf. We are both through wiz gay Paree for good; we shall settle down in my chateau at Marseilles."

"Hell," was all Sam could utter as he left the lovers—and twenty thousand francs.

The Double Cheat

Bars! Bars!! Freedom, yes, freedom after two years and home to the fondest, finest and most faithful girl in the world. But what a surprise!

By Red O'Brien

A COLD dismal wind whipped through the opened windows of the old bastille, where the men were locked up for the night. Many of them paced the narrow confines of their dingy cells, cursing the wives who had deserted them so easily.

In Cell 13 stood Felt Foujita, his sallow, drawn face pressed to the bars. Footsteps on the range before informed him that the mailman was making his rounds. With ears strained to the utmost he listened as the footsteps drew nearer and nearer.

Again as usual a letter was placed in the bars for Fels. With a deep sigh, he reached out, grasped the small pink envelope, ripped it open and devoured its contents. "Kiki! Kiki, my Kiki! he muttered to himself, "I'll soon be with you now."

Each day for the last two years Fels Foujita had received a letter of cheer, and love from Kiki. These he had read over and over before placing them in the old musty suit-case that sat at the foot of his bunk.

Tomorrow he would be free, tomorrow he would return to Kiki the many letters that he had read and kissed a million times.

For two long years he had waited for this particular day. Now it was here he felt nervous. He tried to sleep, but the vermin and the thought of the morrow would not let him. In desperation he began pacing the small space of floor in his cell. Hours seemed like years to him as he shuffled along. Exhausted he sank down on the hard bunk, and without bothering to disrobe, he fell into a troubled sleep.

Somewhat later he was awakened by a grating noise of a key being placed in the lock of his cell door. Lurching to his feet, he stood at attention and waited.

"Come on out of there, Foujita," a voice commanded, as the door swung open. Without answering Fels Foujita reached for the old battered hand-bag which contained the letters from Kiki and stepped out on the range.

"Well, go ahead," barked the gendarme, "don't you know you're due out this morning?"

Mumbling something to himself Foujita shuffled down the range closely followed by the gendarme. Half dead for the want of sleep, he was rushed to the bastille's tailor-shop, given some clothes that were much too large for him, and then escorted to the Prefect's office.

The Prefect, a big, pompous Frenchman who liked his little jokes extended a one franc note toward Foujita and remarked, "Take it and don't come back! Understand?"

"Yes," answered Foujita, as he placed the lone bill in his pocket.

With determination showing in his face, he reached for the old bag and walked through the big iron gates to freedom.

The cool morning air whipped his cheeks

—it stimulated him. He walked erect, his head back.

At the depot a large crowd had gathered. To these he paid no attention. He wondered if Kiki would be at the other end to meet him. No, this was impossible. She did not know that he had been set free. He would surprise her.

Jarred from his reveries by the approaching train, Foujita rose to his feet, picked up his hand-bag and walked to the platform.

Aboard the train, he felt better. His shabby clothes made him seek out the secrecy of the smoking compartment. Here there would be no curious women to stare at him. Taking a seat in the corner he began to cogitate.

"Gee! what a lucky fellow he was. A true-blue little wife. Who wouldn't be proud of a girl like Kiki—nothing like the other girls Foujita had known. A letter every day and a sticker to the end. What more could any man ask?"

Aroused from his day dreaming by a touch of a hand on his shoulder, Foujita glanced up with a start.

"My Gawd!" a voice exclaimed. "When did you get out?"

In an instant Foujita had recognized his old friend Ivan Masjoukine.

"Just this morning," said Foujita, "I'm on my way home now."

"Well of all things," laughed Ivan, "and I'm going right your way. Sit over old top and let's talk."

"What's that?" asked Ivan, as he stumbled over the old battered hand-bag.

"Just a few letters from the wife," replied Foujita.

"Go on," jeered Ivan, "you don't mean to tell me that you let some filly put a rope around your neck, do you?"

"That's just it," snapped Foujita, "and she's the sweetest little mamma in Paris."

"Yeah, that's what they all say," said Ivan trying to hide a smile, "but you'll wake up some day and see what an eighteen-karat chump you are. Take me for instance. Boy you ought to see the filly I got—dozes in the day time and poses at night. She's a regular—oh hell what's the use—you know what I mean. But marry her?—Say, don't make me laugh. They aren't doing that any more."

"Yes—but that life is the bunk," said Foujita, "I used to feel that way about women—but Kiki is different; nothing but a real marriage pleases a good girl."

"Well, Kid," laughed Ivan, "I see you swallowed hook, line and sinker, but some day you'll wake up and see what a terrible dream you've had. You know nowadays, loving a man is a racket, and when he's away they all step out. Why, I wouldn't be a bit surprised but what your goody-goody mamma is out with some American tourist right this minute."

Foujita glanced downward. "No chance," he remarked, "She's not that kind—she's decent—of course I know you can't understand that."

For several moments they rode in silence. Ivan glanced from the corner of his eyes scrutinizing the cheap, shabby suit of clothes that hung like a burlap sack on Foujita's shoulders.

"Got any money, Fels?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Foujita, reaching for the lone franc note that rested in his trousers pocket. "Here's what the Prefect gave me."

"A long way that will go," said Ivan, extracting a large roll of bills from his pocket and pushing them toward Foujita. "Here take this and when we hit Paris get yourself some decent rags. If any of those Mamma's up in the Latin quarter see you in that disguise they'll give you the air on general principles."

Clasping his long tapering fingers upon the money, Foujita looked his old pal squarely in the eyes and said. "Ivan, I appreciate this, and some day I'll repay you well for the favor."

"That's all O. K. with me Kid," said Ivan, "I don't care if you never repay me—I got a little job coming off in a couple of days—thought maybe you'd like to kiss in on it. It's a couple of big-shot Americans—and a swell chance to get some easy dough. You know you've got to get on your feet?"

"True enough," said Foujita, "but I promised Kiki and the Prefect, never again!"

"Well, have it your own way then," said Ivan in a disgusted manner. "But how about a little party when we reach the Moulin de la Golette? You know your frau will never know about this."

"Nothing doing," snapped Foujita, "you know that's cheating, and 'jeez' how I hate a cheater."

"Aw hell," burst out Ivan, "What's the matter with you? Has that two years in the bastille made you nutty?" Here I am kissing you in with the fastest set of females in Paris, and you're turning your back on them. What's the matter, are you coo-coo?"

For several moments Foujita sat in deep thought, then turning to Ivan, he opened up. "I'll tell you what I'll do old top. I'll fill in for this party providing you never tell a living soul."

"That's a bet," said Ivan, turning to glance out the window. The train had slowed down and was about to stop. Ivan nudged Foujita as a gruff voice from the rear of the car announced: "All off for Paris!"

In a semi-daze Foujita grasped the old battered hand-bag and followed Ivan down the steps. A great throng of peasants were at the depot, but Foujita paid little attention to them, as they made their way through the crowd and entered a taxi.

"Latin quarter," commanded Ivan.

"Gee, thought Foujita as they sped along, how things have changed. He wondered if Kiki had changed also. The thoughts of this sickened him.

With a screeching of brakes the taxi swerved in close to the curb and stopped. Foujita stepped out, followed by Ivan who paid the driver. Then taking his old pal by the arm they walked into a clothing store.

In a short while they emerged. Foujita was a new man as far as clothes were concerned. A smile was upon his face, and he again looked like the apache of old in his new raiment. Still clutching the old hand-bag he followed close at Ivan's side as they turned in the direction of the Mont Parnosse. In a short while they were chatting gayly.

"Well Foujita," said Ivan, as they strolled along, "being as this is your last party, we'll make it a good one. I'm going to show you some of the hottest broads in the world, but don't start pulling any of that "love at first sight" stuff with them. Remember you're married and have a little wife at home awaiting your return."

"All right," muttered Foujita, "but I want you to promise me that you will never mention this to any one. You know Kiki would never forgive me if she found it out."

"Forget it," snapped Ivan, "you know we all have to have our fun. Have a good time and then forget it."

Upon their arrival at the Moulin de la Galette, Ivan turned and spoke softly, "don't forget this spot, Kid—might want to come back some time. There's plenty of everything—you know what I mean!"

How well Foujita knew what he meant. He was born and raised in the Latin quarter and was one of their number. In answer to the light tap on the rear door a sweet little trick dressed in a diaphonous costume ushered them into a large room. Cocottes, apaches and Americans swarmed about the place. Corks were popping everywhere and champagne flowed like water.

With eyes like dinner plates, Foujita gazed at the heterogeneous scene. "Boy,

what a swell joint," he muttered to himself, as they made their way to an old-fashioned bar that sat in the front of the place. Momentarily old times flashed back through Foujita's brain, somehow he could not reason it out. Things had changed so much. Two years before the gathering place of all artists—the highlight of the colony was dead—deserted—a new bunch was holding sway—and a reckless, rioting group they were.

Drinks were ordered and while Foujita downed a cognac, Ivan conversed in lowered tones with the proprietor.

The proprietor ,a dark, squatty Frenchman of the old school, evidently agreed with what Ivan had told him for he was all smiles. Nodding his head as though he understood everything, he walked around the bar to Foujita, handed him a black domino and commanded. "Put that over your eyes and follow me, if you want to see something real."

Foujita hesitated, glanced at Ivan, then turned to adjust the domino. In a moment he had recovered the old hand-bag and was following the proprietor across the room. At a door to the right of the huge room they stopped. "Better check that thing," said the little Frenchman, pointing to the hand-bag.

But Foujita did not care to leave such a precious package in the care of any one other than himself. He wanted to be sure that they would be delivered to Kiki, and he wanted to deliver them himself and collect the reward in kisses.

"No, I'm only going to watch the show and I'll keep the bag with me," as a door swung open and they stepped into another room.

Inside a jazz-mad orchestra was playing an apache rag, while slightly-dressed girls wrapped in the arms of their sweethearts swayed to and fro across the polished floor. With faltering footsteps Foujita made his way to the other side of the room. Turning to again gaze on the revelers, he muttered to himself, "there's nothing here for me. It's a new group and they must think I'm poison." But in a flash, before the thought had time to leave him, the sweetest little girl in all the world glided up to him.

"Wanna dance?" she asked. Foujita could not answer—he was at a loss for words—the girl was so beautiful. Instead he held out his arm. Like the gay little butterfly that she was, she stepped in, kissed Foujita on the cheek, and together they swung out into the gay crowd. To say that Foujita was in a daze would be putting it mildly. The heat from her body and the perfume that wafted through the air dulled his senses. It made him forget everything, and he became reckless. As they danced and jested, Foujita tried to penetrate the secret of her disguise. He knew that were he to be recognized by any of the old crowd that his name would be proclaimed all over the Latin quarter. For he once was a favorite of them all. But try as he may it was impossible to learn who she was. When the music stopped, they followed the others out through the wide patio, and then into the garden.

Suddenly Foujita turned and darted back into the room He had forgotten his old hand-bag But the sweet little trick who had accompanied him through the patio was astonished. It was the first time in her life that a man had run away from her, and like all women she was curious. Stepping lightly into the hall she met him on his way back.

"Why, M'sieu," she cooed, "why the bag?"

"That's a secret," said Foujita, "a precious secret!'

"You silly boy," she cooed in her vampish way. "Come with me and forget the garden."

Foujita didn't know what it was all about, but like a lamb being led to slaughter, he followed the sweet little trick across the room. At a door to the right she stopped, glanced cunningly over her shoulder and seeing that Foujita was close behind her she pressed a button. Automatically a door slid open and Foujita found himself in a ladies' boudoir.

Had the door been open behind him he would have dashed out of the place, but

he was trapped. A thousand conflicting thoughts raced through his brain. What if Kiki should ever learn of this. Foujita wondered if she would leave him flat or would she give him a chance to explain. The thoughts sickened him. He tried to shake them off but it was impossible. The sweet little tick ankled up and kissed him full on his pale blue lips.

"Come honey," she cooed, "the davenport in the corner is lonesome."

Like a mere child she led him by the hand to the cozy sofa. Foujita thought of Ivan. He was sure he would never tell. So where was the harm.

Seated on the sofa with an angelic beauty gazing up at him, Foujita pondered over the situation.

"Come on honey," she begged, "don't be like that. What's the matter; is she dead?"

The word dead sent a tremor through Foujita's body, "No, dear," he said, "It isn't that, but I'm cheating—cheating on the best and sweetest little girl in the world."

"Don't take it so hard,, big boy," said the cute little flame, "maybe she's doing the same thing."

"No chance," said Foujita—"she's not that kind. She . . . ."

He never finished for the sweet little girl beside him was in his arms. "Honey, we are alone for the evening, let's make it the best of all . . . ."

Foujita did not answer as their lips came together and clung. Everything was going around and around. The warmth of her body exhilarated him and the blood was racing madly through his pulsating veins—pounding at his temples. Something within him told him to go ahead that his sin would never be found out. So with reckless abandon he cut loose all the pent up feelings of the last two years. Between kisses his companion crooned:

"I like you, honey boy; you're sweet."

"Lord," thought Foujita, if Kiki could only kiss like that, but then she must never know. Maybe I could teach her some time he thought as his companion pressed a button and extinguished the lights.

"Now honey," she crooned, "let's make merry."

Foujita did not answer as she was already smothering his brow with kisses. Foujita's interest in her increased. His body, wracked with joy, responded to her ardent love. His kisses fell upon her hair. Her breath came in gasps and oh!

Suddenly and without warning a light rap sounded on the door. With a lurch Foujita straightened up. "Who's that?" he asked.

"Nothing dear," she replied, "just some nosey girl trying to get in."

But the sudden interference had brought Foujita to his rightful senses. His thoughts again reflected back to Kiki. Savagely he pushed her away, but she clung on.

"M'sieu," she pleaded, "why, do you treat me so?" Please, please do not leave me—you are a stranger in town—and oh, so sweet!"

"Yes," replied Foujita, stepping to one side, "I am a stranger, but Montparnosse is my home."

"Oh goodie, goodie," exclaimed the girl, "then we will see lots of each other, you are so big and strong—so handsome—and the best part of it you are a real man, won't you please remain the rest of the evening?"

"Impossible," said Foujita, as he pulled her to her feet.

"Then you will come again and see me?" she asked, gazing up at his sallow face.

"Maybe," said Foujita. But in his heart he knew he was telling a lie. He knew that he

would never cheat on Kiki again—she was too true and faithful to him.

For some time Foujita stood and listened to her pathetic tale—how a rotter had married her, took everything she had to offer, and cast her aside for a life of crime.

"The dirty brute," exclaimed Foujita glancing at her intently. "He must have been heartless."

She smiled; Foujita was sympathizing with her. Like a jungle beast her arms entrapped him, crushing him, holding him hostage to her. "Oh, M'sieu," she moaned, "you are a dear!" She kissed him full on the mouth.

Gently Foujita detached her hands and holding her at arms' length, he asked.

"Tell me about your husband dear, where is he?"

For a moment she hesitated, then glancing downward, she replied, "In the bastille."

"The brute," again muttered Foujita, "It is a good place for him. Maybe he will be a better man when he is released —sometimes they are—then again, they go to hell. Does he know the kind of a life you are leading?"

"No, M'sieu; he'll never know that!" said the girl. "We girls don't tell secrets any more, and what he doesn't know won't hurt him. Will it?"

For a moment serious little thoughts flashed through Foujita's mind, 'twas true her husband might never know, but somehow his feelings were for the man in the bastille. He hated a cheater. Especially a girl who cheated when her man was in trouble.

Foujita coughed slightly to cover his embarrassment. Somehow his mind had refused to function. He rose to leave, but warm hands restrained him. "Please don't leave," she pleaded in a hollow voice, "you are so nice—so different from other men. I love you dear—please tell me your name . . .

Foujita bit his lower lip until the blood seeped through. He was up against it and he knew it, but after several moments of thought he turned to the girl at his side and said: "I'll tell you my name dearie, if you will tell me who your husband is and what he is doing in the bastille."

"But why bother about him?" lisped the girl as her arms went around his neck. "I love you—what matters beside that?"

Foujita felt himself slipping as he listened to her pleading. "Tell me his name," he asked again.

A dark, sinister look came on the girl's face. "That dirty—" she mumbled. "His name is Foujita—Fels Foujita!"

With a sudden gasp Foujita stiffened. Something within his brain snapped—he became dizzy and weak. "What!" he almost screamed. "What did you say?"

"Fels Foujita," calmly replied the girl.

Like a wild man Foujita's arm shot out. His fingers clenched at her temples as he ripped the domino from her eyes. "My God!" he moaned, "my wife—my Kiki!" There was no mistake about it, she was his wife.

With pangs of bitterness shooting through his heart, Foujita staggered back into the main hall. He felt weak—the shock had been too much for him. Slowly he made his way to the corner where Ivan sat enjoying a glass of champagne.

As Foujita approached a smile was upon Ivan's face, but in the brace of seconds it disappeared.

"My God!" he fairly screamed as Foujita staggered weakly across the floor, "what's the matter with you—you're as white as a ghost!"

"Not a thing," said Foujita, forcing a smile, "Help me outside, will you Ivan?"

Grasping the arm of his old friend, Ivan, assisted Foujita to the street. "Where's your hand-bag? asked Ivan, as they turned and headed toward the Seine.

"Back there somewhere," indicated Foujita, waving his arm in the direction of the Moulin de la Galette. "She's got it!"

"Who's she?" asked Ivan.

"Kiki," said Foujita, in a sarcastic manner, "MY WIFE!"

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Wifey: "Did I tell you that our club is going to fight this unhealthful dieting fad to a finish?"

Hubby: "You certainly have an admirable end in view, my dear."

HAS NO HOME

Mr. Rosen: "Dot new feller vot comes to see Rosie must be von of dose Eskimo fellers."

Mrs. Rosen: "Vhy do you himagine he iss an Eskimo?"

Mr. Rosen: "Pecause he seems to tink de nights is six months long."

* * *

REVENGE

I'd like to own an armored tank
'Stead of a Chevrolet——
Gosh, how I'd ride a "road hog"
When he got in my way!

* * *

CALL A COP

Wisecracking He: "Where's my ticket on the 11:10 that I reserved yesterday?"

Sweet Young She: "Sorry, but all the sleepers are gone."

Wisecracking He: "A lot of berth control you have."

Sweet Young She: "How dare you!"

NOT SO GOOD

Interviewer: "Now, Mr. Gelt, what do you think of women entering banking?"

Bank President: "You mean speaking professionally, as a banker?"

Interviewer: "No, as a human being."

* * *

LOW SCORE

First Golfer: "I wish that nut in back of us wouldn't keep yelling his score at every hole."

Second Ditto: "What do you mean?"

First Golfer: "He's always yelling 'Four'!"

* * *

NOT A RING—AN OVAL

"So you haven't had a ring for months? What's the matter? Did you have the phone taken out?"

"No. The bathtub."

* * *

HUNG!

First Crook: "Where's Mazie? She was pretty as a picture."

Second Crook: "Oh, they framed her."

* * *

READY FOR AN EMERGENCY

Householder (*hearing noise downstairs*): "Who's down there?"

Burglar (*with great presence of mind*): "This is station KDKA now signing off until tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. Good night, everybody."

* * *

SWEET STUFF

Wife: "Where were you all yesterday afternoon?"

Hubby: "Why, my dear, I just drove out into the country to see if I could get a little honey at some farm. But why do you ask?"

Wife: "Because your little honey dropped her comb in the back seat."

* * *

REPAIRS NEEDED

"Did you kiss and make up?"

" Say, after one of his kisses you have to make up."

* * *

UNDER-MINED

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the co-ed as she pulled her kid brother from under the sofa.

AND RIGHTLY SO

"So your wife doesn't darn the holes in your socks?"

"No, she damns them."

* * *

AIN'T DAT SUMPIN'!

Cop: "What are you doing on the roof of that merry-go-round?"

Stewed: "I'm sitting on top of the whirled."

* * *

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Anna: "Did you haev a handsome best man at your wedding?"

Belle (Sighing): "The best man wasn't even at the wedding."

* * *

SECRET SERVICE

"At last my husband found work."

"Doing what?"

"Selling ladies' underwear."

"Oh—sort of an undercover man."

* * *

JUST A BLOW-OUT

Bert: "That famous racing pilot was in a bad accident last night."

Gert: "Well, I'd always warned him to be careful around those dangerous curves."

* * *

OVER THE AIR

The tomb's Theater broadcast will now continue with the "Four Jolly Lock-steppers" singing that old recreation hour favorite, "I Didn't Raise My Check to be a Convict."

* * *

NOT RETURNABLE

You might as well laugh at these jokes, you can't get your money back.

* * *

KINDA ROUGH

"Doesn't your wife's chatter often rasp on your nerves?"

"Yeah, I've got to admit that marriage has its grate moments."

* * *

NO LIGHT WHATEVER

Harold: Did Marie's aunt tell you how to behave when you were in the parlor last night?"

Arnold: "No, she left us completely in the dark."

"Hubby, I'm to have a part in the 'Follies of 1929'."

"Zatso? What character?"

"Oh, I'm in the chorus, and not supposed to have any character."

NOT TO BE SLIGHTED

"I don't think I had better take a drink, Harry, I don't think Mother would approve. She might get angry."

"Well, if she's that way, tell her she can have a drink, too."

* * *

JUST PLAIN WOMEN, THAT'S ALL

Tenant: "Do you keep roomers?"

Landlady: "Not when there's anyone to tell them to."

* * *

NATURALLY

Hubby: "And how are the prunes that I gave you to cook this morning?"

Wifey: "Oh, just swell."

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AIN'T NATURE GRAND

Joe: "Have you noticed, dearest, that the leaves out here in the woods are turning red?"

Irene: "Yes, after that last kiss you gave me, maybe they have a reason to."

* * *

HE HAD A FOLLOWING

Employer: "And did you belong to a fraternity while you were in college?"

Rich Man's Son: "Well, to tell the truth, by the time I graduated, one almost belonged to me."

* * *

ONE-TWO-THREE, ETC.

"I'm a One-Man woman, dearie."

"How so?"

"One man at a time, silly!"

* * *

THEME SONG

The broadcast will now continue with that rattling old theme song for strip poker parties, "It Ain't No Sin To Take Off Your Skin and Dance Around in Your Bones."

* * *

? ? ? ?

Old Maid Aunt: "Does that young gentleman you go out with ever tell you any questionable stories?"

Flapper Niece: "Heck yes, but I laugh just as though I knew what he meant."

* * *

SOUND ADVICE

Tom: "I sure need some advice, Jerry. I'm in love with a gangster's wife and I think he suspects it. What would you recommend?"

Jerry: "Well, the Prudential and the Metropolitan are both good companies."

* * *

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

She: "Never has a drop of liquor touched my lips."

He: "I bet it took lots of practice to swallow it like that."

* * *

HE AIN'T SO DUMB

The Old Man: "How is it that Joe doesn't take you out to see a show once in a while, like he used to?"

Daughter: "Well, it rained one night and we sat in the parlor."

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LETTING HER GO

"My wife says she'll leave me if I don't give up fishing."

"That's tough luck."

"Yes, I'm going to miss her."

* * *

DON'T WANT ANY, GOT ONE

Office Boy: "There's a salesman outside with a bald head."

Boss: "Tell him I have a bald head."

* * *

THAT'S JUST WHERE IT IS

Wifey: "O-o-o-h, I want that hat in the window."

Hubby: "Well, it's in the window, so I hope you're happy."

* * *

NOT CO-OPERATIVE

"You must have got up with a grouch this morning."

"I did, but I'm going to change roommates today."

* * *

NOT SO GOOD

Wham: "Were you on your knees when you proposed to that rich old widow?"

Slam: "Hell no! I was on my uppers!"

* * *

PRECAUTION

Student: "Let's go out and burn up a few miles of road."

Co-ed: "If we did that, how could I walk home?"

* * *

A HEAVY MATTER

First Convict: "I scaled the wall at Sing Sing."

Second Idiot: "How much did it weigh?"

* * *

IN THESE DAYS OF PROHIBITION

"Just one more glass and then we'll all go home," said the dishwasher as he laid down the towel.

* * *

OFF THE COURSE

Duffer: "Terrible golf course, caddy, terrible!"

Caddy: "Sorry, sir, this ain't the golf course; you have not been on it for the last forty minutes."

LAST RESORT

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Yes, if fair play fails."

* * *

DOWN ON THE FARM

Motorist: "What are you doing on this road at this time of night in nothing but a barrel?"

Girl in barrel: "I was raised on the farm."

Motorist: "What's that got to do with it?"

Girl: "Plenty. Drive to that next farm house and you'll find the strip poker party where I was raised."

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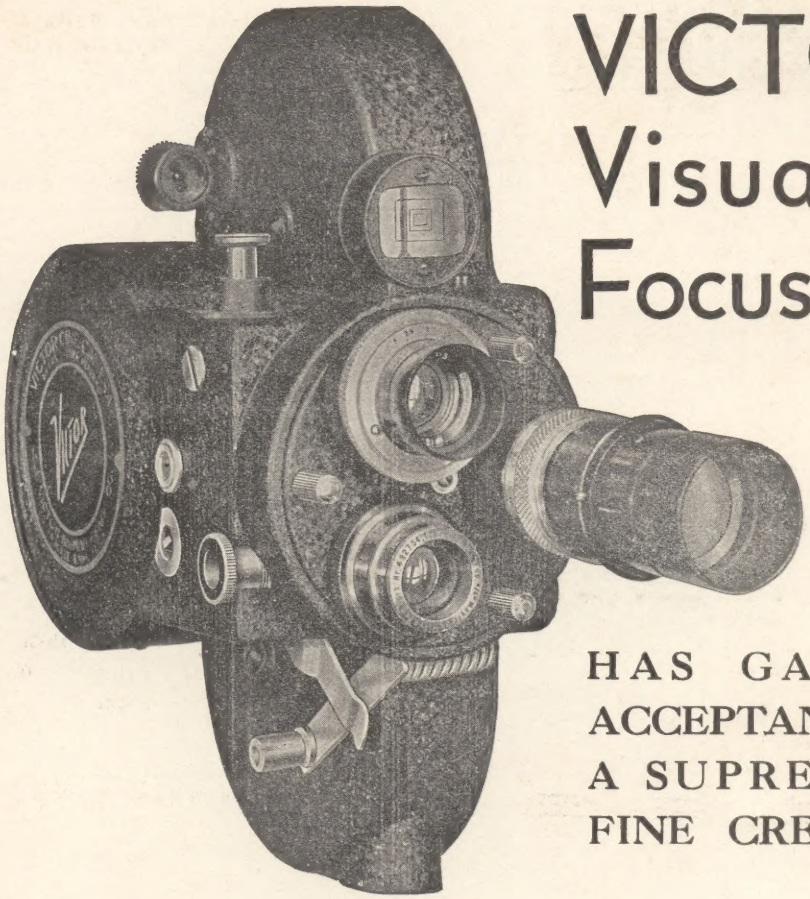

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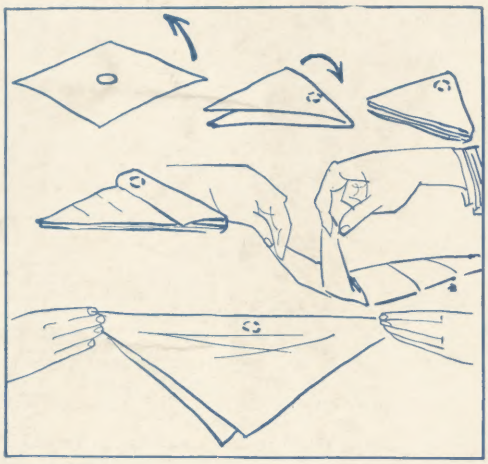
Home Magic

Coin and Handkerchief

A coin disappears from the center of a folded handkerchief! One whisk of the cloth and the coin is gone—although everyone is convinced that it was actually there.

Lay the handkerchief spread out on the table, with one corner toward you. Put a twenty-five-cent piece in the center of the cloth and fold the near corner over to the far corner.



Take the corner at the right and fold it over to the corner at the left. This makes a triangle; run your hand up the right side of the triangle, take the top corner and bring it down to the left, making a smaller triangle.

Now seize the corner at the left—that is where all the corners of the cloth are located. Lift the handkerchief at that point and tap the center against the table, so that the coin clicks through the cloth. Lay the handkerchief down again—just as you picked it up. Take the right side of the triangle and roll the cloth inward, so that it forms a long tube. Pick up the tube, and take hold of the two outer corners of the handkerchief—the actual corners of the cloth itself. Hold one in each hand, and pull the hands apart. The cloth will come straight, and there will be no sign of the coin!

When you first do this trick, you will wonder yourself where the coin went. The handkerchief will spread so neatly that it will seem as though the coin has flown away. But if you look closely you will see that the coin is snugly hidden in a center crease of the cloth

So to conclude the trick you bring your hands together, crumple up the handkerchief and put it nonchalantly in your pocket. Do this trick deliberately. Take your time with every step, being sure to convince everyone that the coin is in the corner of the cloth. When you finally pull the hands apart, hold the handkerchief for a few moments in that position; then quietly put it away.

This trick is one of a big book full of magic tricks and hypnotic stunts for the amateur, and every trick is illustrated. With a little practice you can astound your friends. Twenty-five cents will purchase a copy of Blackstone's Magic at your newsstand. If not obtainable from your news dealer, write us direct, enclosing twenty-five cents, and a copy will be sent you postpaid.

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